

# CLOSE UP

*The Only Magazine Devoted to Films  
as an Art*



Price 1 Shilling

Vol. V No. 1

July 1929





# LES VARIÉTÉS

Revue Mensuelle Illustrée de l'Esprit Contemporain

Directeur: P. G. VAN HECKE

DEUXIÈME ANNÉE

(A PARTIR DU 15 JANVIER 1920)

## CLOSE UP

Les auteurs des articles, des romans, des nouvelles, des chroniques et des esquisses qui paraissent dans cette revue, sont en droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

LES CHRONIQUES ET RÉVÉLATIONS  
Tous les articles et les nouvelles paraissent dans la revue. Les auteurs des articles et des nouvelles ont le droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

Les auteurs des articles, des romans, des nouvelles, des chroniques et des esquisses qui paraissent dans cette revue, sont en droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

LES CHRONIQUES ET RÉVÉLATIONS  
Tous les articles et les nouvelles paraissent dans la revue. Les auteurs des articles et des nouvelles ont le droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

LES CHRONIQUES ET RÉVÉLATIONS  
Tous les articles et les nouvelles paraissent dans la revue. Les auteurs des articles et des nouvelles ont le droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

LES CHRONIQUES ET RÉVÉLATIONS  
Tous les articles et les nouvelles paraissent dans la revue. Les auteurs des articles et des nouvelles ont le droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

LES CHRONIQUES ET RÉVÉLATIONS  
Tous les articles et les nouvelles paraissent dans la revue. Les auteurs des articles et des nouvelles ont le droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.

LES CHRONIQUES ET RÉVÉLATIONS  
Tous les articles et les nouvelles paraissent dans la revue. Les auteurs des articles et des nouvelles ont le droit de réclamer la reproduction de leurs œuvres dans les journaux, revues, livres, etc., sans qu'il soit nécessaire de leur en payer le prix.



# “VARIÉTÉS”

Revue Mensuelle Illustrée de L'esprit Contemporain

Directeur : P. G. VAN HECKE

DEUXIÈME ANNÉE

(A PARTIR DU 15 MAI 1929)

Dans chaque numéro :

75 reproductions—nombreux dessins—56 à 64 pages de texte.

des contes, des essais, des poèmes, des reportages, des notes critiques et d'actualité sur la littérature, les arts plastiques, le cinéma, le théâtre, la mode, la musique, la curiosité, etc., par des collaborateurs de premier ordre.

## LES CHRONIQUES ET RUBRIQUES :

Pierre MacOrlan	Tragédies et divertissements populaires.
Henri Vandeputte	Habitudes préférées.
Paul Fierens	Des rues et des carrefours (Lettre de Paris).
Denis Marion	Le sentiment critique.
Pierre Courthion	La boîte à surprise (tableau des mœurs artistiques contemporaines).
André Delons	Le cinéma à Paris.
Franz Hellens	Chronique des disques.
Nico Rost	Chroniques de Berlin
Audré de Ridder	L'anthologie esthétique.
P.-G. van Hecke	La peinture.
Gille Anthelme	Les sports.
Bernard Brunius	Inventeurs et Inventions.
Albert Valentin	Le cœur à l'ouvrage.

## UN ROMAN DE :

Sacher Fernal "Golligwog."

## LA PIÈCE INÉDITE DE :

FERNAND CROMMELYNCK "TRIPES D'OR."

et  
Des lettres inédites de Paul Léautaud à Paul Valéry, Rachilde, Renny de Gourmont, Marie Laurencin, Marcel Schwab, Valette, Audré Rouveyre, Appolinaire, etc., etc.

“VARIÉTÉS” publishes every month a number of reproductions from exclusive stills of classic and *avant garde* films, with criticisms by Albert Valentin, Denis Marion and André Delons.

Douze numéros du plus moderne, du plus vivant et du plus complet des magazines pour 100 francs l'an pour la Belgique, 25 belgas pour l'étranger.

Direction-Administration : 11, avenue du Congo, Bruxelles.

Dépôt exclusif à Paris : Librairie José CORTI, rue de Clichy.

Dépôt Général pour la Hollande : N. V. VAN DITMAR, Schiekade, 182, Rotterdam

ET CHEZ TOUS LES BONS LIBRAIRES  
LE 15 DE CHAQUE MOIS

# CLOSE UP

*Editor : K. MACPHERSON*

*Assistant Editor : BRYHER*

*Published by POOL*

RIANT CHATEAU · TERRITET · SWITZERLAND

LONDON OFFICE : 24 DEVONSHIRE ST., W.C.1

---

## *Contents :*

As is . . . . .	KENNETH MACPHERSON
The French Cinema . . . . .	H. A. POTAMKIN
Scatter Brains . . . . .	OSWELL BLAKESTON
Camera Problems . . . . .	CARL HOFFMANN
The Film in its Relation to the Unconscious . . . . .	L. SAALSCHUTZ
Silhouette of a Critic . . . . .	MICHAEL STUART
Some British Films . . . . .	HUGH CASTLE
Kultur-Film . . . . .	WINIFRED RAY
All Talkie . . . . .	A. W.
Cinemaphobia . . . . .	CLIFFORD HOWARD
Comment and Review	

---

<i>Paris Correspondents :</i>	{ MARK ALLEGRET JEAN LENAUER
<i>London Correspondent :</i>	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Hollywood Correspondent :</i>	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>Berlin Correspondent :</i>	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent :</i>	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Moscow Correspondent :</i>	P. ATTASHEVA

---

## *Subscription Rates :*

ENGLAND . . . . .	14 shillings per year
FRANCE . . . . .	70 francs per year
GERMANY . . . . .	14 marks per year
AMERICA . . . . .	3 dollars and 50 cents per year
SWITZERLAND . . . . .	14 francs per year



# AGENCE DEBRIE

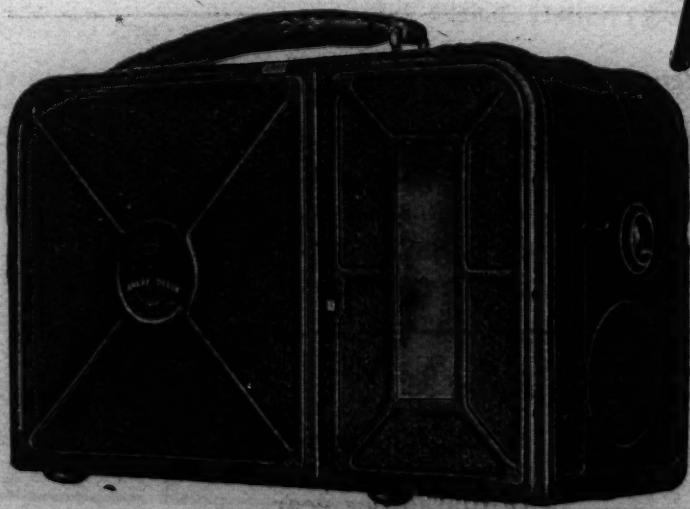
23 MORTIMER ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## *The "JACKY"*

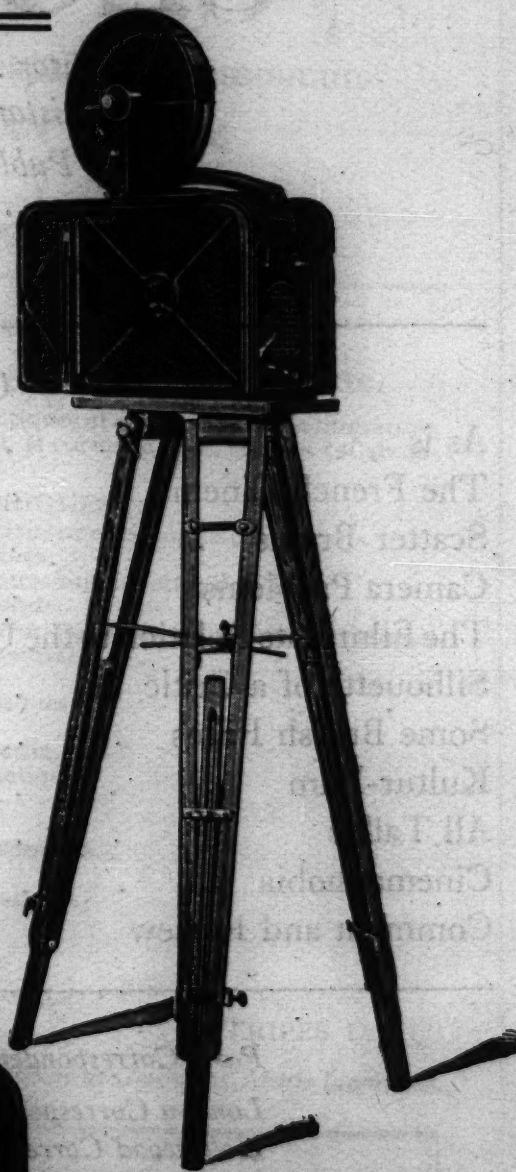
This projector can be stopped for any length of time on one image; and by means of handle projected picture by picture. It is fitted with motor drive and automatic rewinder. The loading and unloading is done without at any time exposing the film which is protected throughout its passage in the projector. The illumination is effected by special long life electric lamp.

---:---

TAKES ONLY 5 AMPERES  
AND WILL GIVE AN 8  
FOOT PICTURE



PORTABLE



FOR EDUCATION &  
HOME PROJECTION

ALL METAL  
CONSTRUCTION

Size:  $20\frac{1}{2} \times 13 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

WORKS FROM ANY ORDINARY ELECTRIC SUPPLY

# CLOSE UP

Vol. V No. 1

July 1929

---

## AS IS

BY THE EDITOR

Nobody would believe, from a scrutiny of film conditions at this present time, that *Close Up* could be enjoying yet another birthday. Yet here we are, unweakened by attrition or starvation, once more going forth—kind of Zodiacal Aries—butting with horns, stamping with hooves, lacking only a dragon's fire to scorch our enemies. This is again a happy anniversary, and Aries is growing to a big ram. His woolly head is wiser and his rounded horns have grown hard.

To-day, because it is his birthday, he is sitting quietly, with his head not far above the earth, not making many signs. If you are misled into thinking he has eaten too much birthday cake, someone—a thought-reader, shall we say—will put you right for the asking.

His mood is serious, even slightly troubled. He has much to think about, and few to confide in. For he does not take such woes as he has outside a limited family group. The thought-reader will pause here, and ask you if you wish the divination to continue. Without losing his pensive stare,



## CLOSE UP

the ram will demur that if he is a little troubled it can be only on account of growing pains. And the thought-reader will continue.

If the ram is not careful he will think himself into a mood of pessimism. Forsaking momentarily diagnosis, the thought-reader will philosophise. A doubt is a fecund breeder. If you are troubled with one, ten minutes' thought will multiply it to the point where you yourself are a point of negative consciousness, receiving vibrations of defeat, loss and suffering. The ram replies that his own heavenly sign knows no defeat. There is difference, he says, between doubts. Abstract doubt—the doubt of something you believe because of will to believe—is different from doubt that is philosophic, and, in effect, constructive preparation for what trends the future may assume.

The talking film, says the ram (for it begins from there) is a parricide. A tinny warrior from the costumier, who, making martial gestures with his papier-maché sword, steps clumsily back ten years or more, and is even now marking time on the trampled body of his parent. He is a Roman bully, dressed by a wiggy, and his ultimate culture may well attain a counterfeit of Rome's rank swaggering.

\* \* \*

He is, indeed, to his parent what all Rome's clap-trap was to intellectual Greece. Cymbals, swank, the militant imperialism of the screen; for his cultural summit the engaging pathology of a Caligula. Reflect that with his new tin trumpets, every stroll will be a festival procession, noises lopping down the quiet like earliest branches. Already his

## CLOSE UP

jurisdiction is noisy like a gong or braying ass in the vanquished towns. The defeated stand behind windows, whispering; the pleasant towns are littered with damaged culture. The half-built houses are deserted. No work will be done on them, and the débris lies on discarded building stuff. None of the old machines can be heard at work any more, and there is only watching and fear. The air is full of the dust of the new jerry-buildings. Adding a voice that takes away all that people put in for themselves. Expelling imagination. The personal concept banished. The gesture that to each meant something that each alone in some way of his own created and gave to himself, must cede in favor of that to which a voice can reduce it. The accidental charm beyond a director's intention, that was imagination caught in some mesh of recognition or memory or suggestion or joy, must go before the incredible half-wit snortings that are supposed to justify the plaster trees and unspeakable potted foliage of the studio out-of-doors. We are back with backdrops and barnstorming.

\* \* \*

So thinks the ram, for he thinks of the present, not (for the moment) of the future. The waiting, waiting. The weeping artists starved from their love and their work. These matter.

The back stepping of the tinfoil gladiator may be a balancing necessity for forward leap. The leap may be long and clean . . . . . But certainly longer than clean. And a long time will have to pass indeed before charlatans, vulgarians and opportunists are chased from the field. For the next few years talking films mean rehash. Rehash of Somerset Maugham, of Frederick Lonsdale, of Michael



## CLOSE UP

Arlen, of theatre names we had, not out of reason, expected to hear no more. Rehash of *Madame X*, of *Stella Dallas*, and the screen's life-sentenced, worst offenders. Rehash of Pauline Frederick, Nazimova, Mae Murray—of all the stars that cooled and fell to vaudeville. Somebody's Nemesis! They trained their talk and rehabilitate themselves with specially ground, soft-focus lenses, ready to repeat forgotten triumphs of their prime in 1902 and 1910 and 1880.

The artists wait and wait. World sales, markets, exploitation, profits, were hedging them in, closing them round, herding them, reducing and reducing their opportunity and scope, until, one by one, Sweden, Germany, France, went deeper and deeper to waste, leaving only Russia, firm in her beliefs but shaken financially and sounding the markets of the world for possible sales. The impregnable Eisenstein going and going to Hollywood. Pudovkin leading a rôle in a wholly callow and fatuous German film. Feelers . . . . . indications . . . . . premise. Quiet erosion everywhere. Then, like a monstrous tidal bore, the onrush of the talkie. Quiet erosion now a rapid crash and fall of land. Back ten, back fifteen years. Back to Sonny Boy and Mammie Mine and Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddie. Back to proscenium front. Back unashamedly to Little Dorrit and East Lynne. Back to a hundred thousand Dancing Daughters, back to the bootlegger and the thug. Back to Bella Donna and Mary Dugan. Back to Methuselah. Back, in short, to front!

\* \* \*

And the vanquished, whispering behind windows, say

## CLOSE UP

among themselves, there is no need for this retrogression, the manacled, slave-driven genius turns happily to sound, seeing already beyond the tap of feet outside to counterpoint view of an empty room, beyond firebells, beyond the dripping water-tap. Is not the fancy-dress Caesar already using the lapping of rivers, the souging of rain . . . .? But the genius knows there is no place for him yet. Al Jolson has still to make a greater singing fool of himself. Dolores Costello has yet to be filtered to something at least as quiet as a saw-mill. No wonder the genius weeps.

\* \* \*

Then over this sullen sky shone one apocalyptic line of light. Erno Metzner made *Überfall*, and the way of the genius director was pointed. And, as quickly, the apocalyptic ray was snuffed by the censor—the one man who believes that Justice is blind and works accordingly. *Überfall* was a message of hope. A way out, a pass, a defile. It presented new form for the short film. And, as yet, there is nothing to be done to the meddlers who have power to forbid it.

\* \* \*

Such are the ram's thoughts on his birthday. Not gay, you have seen. A little too discouraged perhaps. But the thought-reader was wrong about vibrations of defeat, and the ram is not asking for silent films again, though it looks uncommonly like it. He is asking for intelligent sound films. He has seen his friends hurt, and would willingly hasten to his butting. The year ahead is already licked by war as a house by flames.



## CLOSE UP

Three plans :—

1. To go on butting the censor. Reform first. Abolition when the strength is on our side.
2. International copyright law to protect directors.
3. Abhorrence of half-measures and second best, than which there is no greater subjugation.

We are not, however, done with our changes. "Natural Vision"—a stereoscopic demonstration, was recently given by R. C. A. A screen thirty feet high, fifty-two feet long—an area of 1,560 square feet of glass—showed films made by the Spoor-Berggren system. Photophone made the noises. The new camera likes to photograph scenes five miles away. Everywhere they are making the same claim—that it will do away with the necessity for close-ups. If this isn't a catchphrase it's a menace. Close-ups are rarely explanatory any more. They are part of (if the overworked word can bear it) psychology. However, in the near future, Hollywood directors will no doubt set their cameras on Florida beach and photograph a film directed by radio in Hongkong. An expedition through Nicaragua will necessitate no greater hazard than a ride round the suburbs or a rostrum on the roof. We shall be able to sit at our desks and photograph Titicaca and the fauna of Popocatepetl. Eisenstein won't have to go to Hollywood. He will film it from a window of the Sovkino Leningrad studios. The close-up will vanish and the far-off will take its place. In our homes will be shilling-in-the-slot meters. We will put in our shilling, take off the receiver, and there in front of us, natural colored Lilliputians that we can if we want to stroke with

## CLOSE UP

the hand, will perform for us. We may even be able to keep them as pets.

It suggests possibilities. A tap of the button in time may create a footman, a country residence, a well cooked dinner or a lover. All vanishable at will. The age of the ionised, electrically induced. Cinemas, with screens all round the walls, on floor and ceiling. Where the public can take tea or shake a cocktail with the manifestations of the stars. It looks like being a world worth living in.

\* \* \*

The ram thanks all who have sent him birthday greeting, and hopes they will be with him always. He sends greeting to his friends and will do his best to keep them.

KENNETH MACPHERSON.

## THE FRENCH CINEMA

Jean Lenauer, writing in the May *Close Up*, has said some true things which, because they are not qualified, are dangerous. To say, for instance, that to him the French have no sense of the cinema is no light charge, and, one may counter with one of two remarks: this is a prejudice and not a critical judgment, or the question, a sense of what cinema? For M. Lenauer, like his young French colleagues, is all for the American cinema. It is true that he charges



## CLOSE UP

the French directors with apeing the American successes, but from every indication his cinema-mind has been formed by the U.S.A. movie. He is in this a European and particularly a Frenchman, although his nativity is Viennese. Like the young Frenchmen, he claims the movie as his and only his, and to have been born before the film or with it—as in my own case—is to be put beyond the pale. The young Frenchman delights in saying the French are without a cinema-sense. Lenauer has in the May *Close-Up* only repeated M. Auriol in transition No. 15, M. Charensol in *La Revue Federaliste* of November, 1927, and the first utterer of this condemnation, the late Louis Delluc. There are a host of others. In truth, the young Frenchman is developing a defeatist mind, and Lenauer is throwing on his little pressure.

One of the slogans of the French counter-French critic is the denial of youth in the French cinema world. Everyone I have met has complained of this, and Cavalcanti was glad to have even an inane actress in *Captain Fracasse* because she was young. Youth! Youth! it is a perennial cry. And what does it here signify? What does Youth claim in this instance? That the cinema belongs to it. And how does it substantiate its claim? By repeating the attitudes of the Frenchmen who first began to swear fidelity to the film. Auriol utters Soupault's adorations of the American action-film. And everyone of them echoes Canudo. Except that, typical of youth of all ages, these youngest Frenchmen are rebelling against the old cinema—of France. The Revolt of Youth? Nonsense. The Rebellion of Youth! Impatience and arrogance mostly. There is little development here in France of that salutary skepticism among intelligent young

## CLOSE UP

men which includes in its scrutinies Youth. For Youth is not a fact, it is a symbol, and that symbol has no reference to the date of one's birth. It is true that art and youth are related, but it is not the youth of which Lenauer talks, but youth which means fervor. Will Lenauer say that the older Frenchmen whom he condemns are all without fervor? And am I, are we, to deny sincerity and depth of devotion to the film to all those who do not love the film in the way Lenauer says he loves it? And just how does he love it? Is it a sign of love to condemn all who challenge the beloved? That is chivalry in the wrong category. And just when did Lenauer begin to love the film? Of course these questions are not for M. Lenauer himself.\* Nor do I ask for an answer. These questions contain certain implications:

I. The cinema was not born with the motion picture. It has its origins in the first experiences of mankind, and its sources are all the manifestations of life.

II. To care for the film only may be a good way to a career but it is certainly no assurance that the film will be enriched. Creation in one art, or activity in one profession,

---

\* I am not, it is self-evident, directing my words against M. Lenauer. I am thinking of all the lovers of the cinema who cry their love aloud. I know too many parallel instances in America to be convinced too readily by the declaration: "I love the cinema." The American enthusiasts of 1923—and now—were superior to the film only a few years before their discovery of it as "art." Their interest came only as a consequence of popular enthusiasm, and an urge to be of the time. But no critical affection is worth anything unless it has grown from the visceral pleasure of childhood. Are the young Frenchmen, and young Europeans, experiencing a belated childhood? (I dwell upon the American phenomenon in an article, *French Opinion and the American Movie*, appearing in *Du Cinema*).



## CLOSE UP

does not, even in this age of specialization, bar one from another art or another profession.

The cult of youth has produced some interesting conditions in the French cinema. There is no differentiation here between the amateur and the professional. And this is bad for the amateur, the beginner. The group of young men which includes Auriol and Lenauer will agree that what I say about the inflation of the amateur is true, but they will not agree that they are contributing to the very condition they mock. If there is snobbism in France, and there is, they are strengthening it by their attitude, and one of them is youth. Any number of youngsters (some of older age) put out a film deriving rudimentarily from *Rien que les Heures* (without full awareness of the principle) or *Berlin* and enter the ranks of the *metteurs en scene*, with the footnote: forgive the transgressions, they are young and they had no money. To produce a film without money always excites the professional (or better commercial) world, but it should mean nothing to the beginner—that's just how he should begin, and moreover, why should his first work be made public? In America we distinguish between the amateur and the professional, and that is the amateur's salvation. It is a part of the discipline of any artist to "be rejected" or to be ignored—that he may learn how really insignificant his infant labors are. If youth is not favoured in the large French companies, its favor in the specialized halls is certainly less creditable.

If the young Frenchman really cares about the French film, he will not heed the cry of defeat (which is really a self-inflation) but will examine the French film to learn the French idiom, which must be his. That the American film, by its

## CLOSE UP

very remoteness from his own physical experience, enchants him is not enough reason for him to mistake that enchantment for the complete and sole experience of cinema. If he really loves the film, he will not show it by talk upon the influence of the movie on customs, such as gum-chewing, to which he is an addict, or physical gestures after James Murray or George Bancroft. Nor will he show it by damning the French girl for Joan Crawford or Louise Brooks. Nor by an ignorance of the past of the American film, which he so much idolizes. Nor by limiting motion to antic, action, speed. Nor by finding Victor MacLaglen a great artist, whereas that lucky Irishman has a constant (hence non-artistic) personality no matter what the film. Nor by denying the meritorious Catherine Hessling because she casually recalls Mae Murray. He will stop chattering and go to work. He will discipline himself and question his enthusiasms, or at least examine them to know where to put them. **AND HE WILL STUDY THE FRENCH INTELLIGENCE IN ITS EXPRESSION IN THE FRENCH FILM**, whether he likes its makers or not. His head is now stuffed with American idioms, but he will need to be re-born an American before he will make an integral film of them. The Frenchman remains a provincial all his life.

To remain a provincial is no limitation to an artist. The Frenchman's Frenchness has been one of the chief reasons for his cultural and aesthetic survival amid influences that should have long destroyed or reduced him. He creates within his own boundaries. Nowhere is this condition more apprehendable than in the cinema. The French mind shows itself constantly in the success and the failure.



## CLOSE UP

The French mind is, first, a pictorial mind. The French cinematist is pictorial-minded. He is not in the least, as is the American, action-minded. This is as noticeable in the old serial thrillers, whose idiom is action, as in the absolute films of the avant-garde. Nor is the pictorial mind counter-cinema. Nothing is counter-cinema. *And no people are incapable of making films.* The task is to use the mind where it can legitimately function. It cannot function in police films: do not attempt police films. It functions in documentaries, films of restricted areas, films psychological and metaphysical, etc.: set it to work in these milieus. The pictorial mind can be set to work badly or well. It is daily perceived in the "grand" French films where it is resultant in a tedious, over-adorned spectacle like *Koenigsmark*. The pictorial mind does not lend itself very easily to "big" films. Action alone makes these supportable. That is one reason why the French cannot compete commercially with America. But the cinema is not justified by commerce, no more than Balzac's right to exist is determined by the public taste for Dekobra.

The pictorial mind succeeds best when it functions independently within limited areas. Germaine Dulac does a fascinating film in *The Sea-Shell and the Clergyman* and a charming film in *Mme. Beudet*, but when she turns to do a "large-scale" film she puts out the sentimental "poesie" of *The Folly of the Valiant*. "Poesie" is the pictorial mind forced to extend itself out of its non-literary milieu. Gance is full of "poesie." He belongs to the France of Rodin, and with Poirier, to the France of Lamartine and Hugo without their vision. The best instance of the pictorial mind rightly

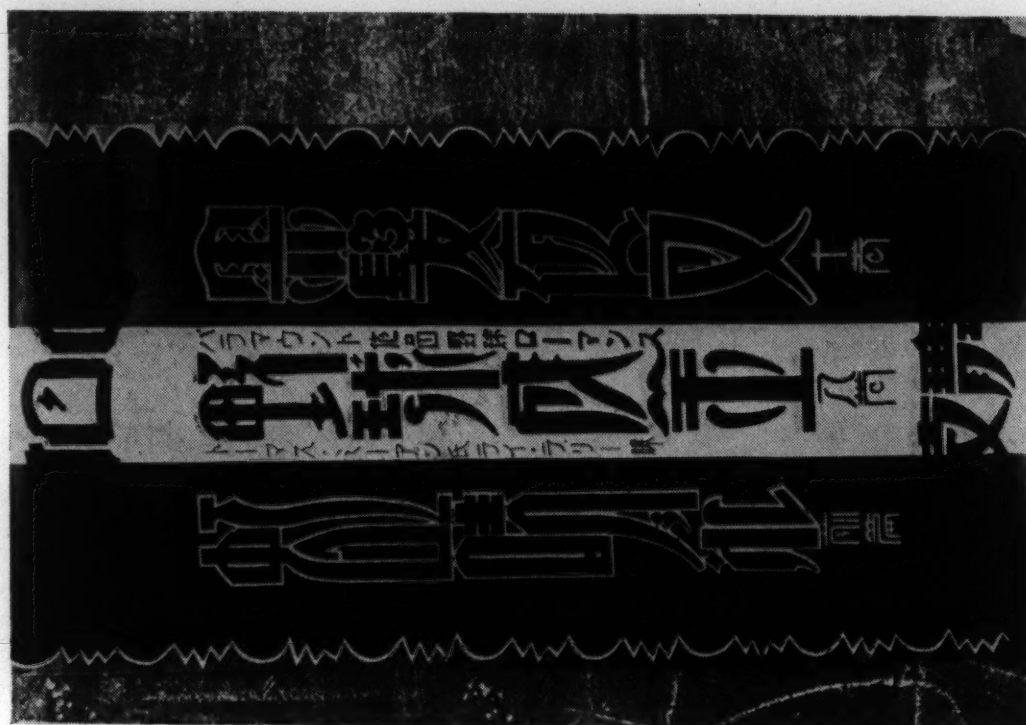


From *Leprouse*, a film by Usbekgoskino.





A silk portrait of a famous Japanese movie-actor—Ziodsa Hajassi.



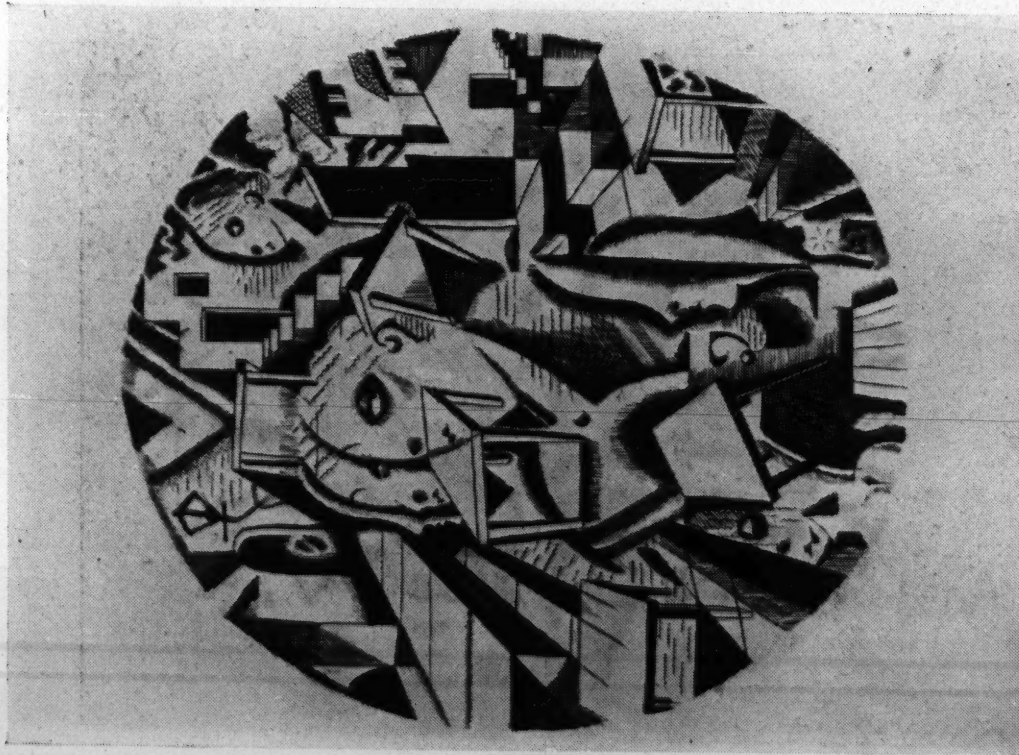
A Japanese movie poster.



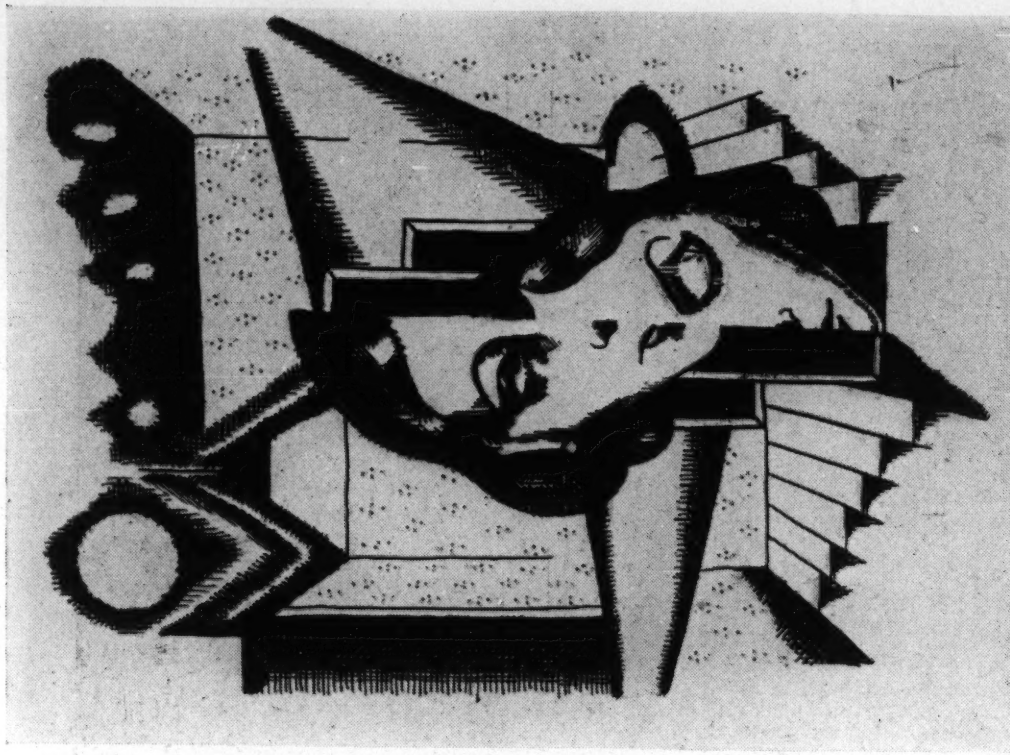
Japanese film art. *Bamboo*, one of the only light comedies in the traditional manner. Director, J. Shige Sudzuki.







Film Psychology. Sketch by Paul Rotha.  
(All rights reserved.)



Interpretive sketches by Paul Rotha. This one is  
entitled Visualisation of short-cut sequence in  
studio prior to take. (All rights reserved.)



Film Continuity. By Paul Rotha. *(All rights reserved.)*





*Photos : Fama-Film.*

From *Hands*, a new film by Fama-Film of Berlin, directed by Miklós Bándy, after an idea by Stella F. Simon, photographed by Leopold Kutzleb. Music by Marc Blitzstein.



*Photos : Fama-Film*

*Hands* has four leading roles, two male and two female as well as "other hands." It is 609 metres in length.





From *Arsenal*, the Wufku "super" film, by Dovenkof. The epoch of the struggle of the Ukrainian people in October, 1917, against the Petlyura Rada, and the insurrection of the workers of the arsenal. *Arsenal* is considered in the USSR as a great achievement of Ukrainian proletarian culture.

## CLOSE UP

applied is Jean Epstein. He insists upon the image, lingers over it, penetrates it. What does it matter that *Finis Terrae* is slow? What does it mean that it does not satisfy those who wanted the subject treated *physically* instead of *psychically*? Epstein has shown how the physical material may be rendered psychical by persisting in the examination of the physical image. The pictorial mind here transcends itself.

It is in keeping with the pictorial mind that the French have made so much of the term "photogenic," that Germaine Dulac indefatigably urges the *film visuel* as against the *film anti-visuel*. It is right that Man Ray should have found his centre in Paris, and that the best short, non-narrative films should come from France: *The Octopus* of Jean Painlevé as well as that early nature study, *The Germination of Plants*, *The Zone* of Georges Lacombe, *La P'tite Lily* of Cavalcanti . . .

This leads to a second deduction, the source of the French film is in the traditional *atelier* of French art. It is true, in the main, that the film dependent upon collective labors has a hard row in France (but, from another point of view, does it have such a good time in America?).† This is not irremediable. My deduction is not, however, made from negative conditions but conditions which are organic and positive. All that I have said before leads to the deduction,

---

† The collective difficulty in France is mainly the natural indifference of the French working man, and the financial closeness of the producer. As for the major collectivity, between the artists, I think, on the whole, a better *esprit* exists in France than in America. And as for the intrusion of the mercantilists into the enterprise of the author, what grosser instance than that of Hollywood?



## CLOSE UP

and the most interesting films are those made from the *atelier*, single-artist viewpoint. This does not infer that the French film must rest in the *atelier*, as the pictorial mind does not infer that the French film must remain in the framed set. Not in the least. The instances of *Finis Terrae*, *En Rade*, *Two Timid Souls* are sufficient to gainsay such inferences. Yet these films are films with their sources in the *atelier*-mind and the pictorial-mind. With Epstein the *atelier* becomes the study, for speculation and metaphysics. *En Rade* is the pictorial mind providing an enveloping environment. *Two Timid Souls* is evidence of the pictorial mind creating comic rhetoric of the picture. Comedy in America is action. The gag in *Two Timid Souls* is a pictorial gag, in Harold Lloyd it is the antic gag. Chaplin makes very little of the picture.

The *atelier*-source does not (the word "source" is the explanation) limit the French film to the laboratory where Jean Lenauer confines it, although the experimental film will always be a French contribution. Nor does it restrict the film to its absolute forms. It means simply that the film companies must recognize the *mind* of the French artist and work according to it. The Société Générale des Films promised to be just that sort of corporation, allowing the director, and not the fiscal policy, to set the pace. At present the Société Générale seems to be biding its time amid the confusion caused by the talking picture. But its single-film policy is the accurate one for the French cinema. For that cinema, because of the characteristics detectable in it (which I have considered above) will not be a world's popular cinema, and no *contingement* can make it that. In fact, the

## CLOSE UP

French have not, in their entertainment, the gift of the popular, whether in the revue, the vaudeville show or the motion picture.

The French need to be vigilant against two related faults: sentimentality and refinement. The French sentimentality is not moral sentimentality, as in the case of the English and the American, but aesthetic sentimentality.† It is present in almost every French film, but where it is held within the boundaries of each instance it aids rather than oppresses the film. It is sensitivity in *The Sea-Shell and the Clergyman* of Germaine Dulac, and in her *Cinegraphic Study upon an Arabesque*; it is sensitivity bordering on collapse in *En Rade*; it is sensitivity avoiding collapse by larger references in Epstein; it is a diffusive and soft sentimentality in Poirier and Gance. Leon Poirier has made beautiful documents in *The Black Journey* and the second part of *Exotic Loves* where the image is the end, but in *Verdun* and *Jocelyn*, where the image refers to its sources in national and literary experience, he offends with his superfluous stresses of sentiment, and that is sentimentality, or one form of it. Gance continually associates his image with some "poetic" phrase: Violin and the lily, Napoleon and the eagle (in *Napoleon*), "the rose of the rail" (in *The Wheel*). And both enjoy the sur-impressed symbol: The Spirit of France. I have said Gance was Hugo without Hugo's vision. That makes him the

---

† A signal instance of refinement applied wrongly is Renoir's *The Little Match-Girl*, where the operetta-Russian Ballet (which is really French in its mincingness) decorative sense was exercised upon a Danish folk-theme. Decorative refinement is one of the main obstacles to the creation of a French cinema comedy.



counterpart in cinema of Eugene Sue. The French "big" film is eighteenth-century romanticism. In that it is very much the France of to-day. Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century romanticism.

Of this ilk is the recently sponsored humanitarianism of the French film. Another sentimentalism. For an inclusive humanitarianism is not in keeping with the French temperament of non-projection and dispassion. Therefore it is frequently false, particularly when uttered by those who find in the slogan profit. M. Tedesco hails the "new humanitarianism" of the American film, finding that sympathy in films like *The Crowd*, *Lonesome*, *Underworld*, *A Girl in Every Port*, etc. I shall not here go into any examination of the American films. But to discover one's human experience at this level of cinema content, indicates that the discovery is hardly profound. This acceptance of American "human interest" films as human experience accords with the frequent French declaration that the movie is not an art. This is the Frenchman's justification of his affections. The whole matter of art is resolved in the levels of experience. The level at which the matter of life is experienced, determines the category of art or non-art.

The dispassion of the French keeps them, on the whole, more rational towards the love-life than other peoples. Therefore the Frenchman who declared against the need for Freud was not so much in error as Lenauer implies. But this dispassion does make it difficult for the French to project themselves into the lives of a less indifferent, more passionate people. But to say that they never project themselves into such lives is to forget that the French have been the most

## CLOSE UP

persistent admirers of the Swedish film, the only fully realized passionate pictures. Here I think French critical rationality recognizes the level of tragic experience at which the Swedes have conceived their films. I do not like the way in which *Sunrise* was received by the French multitudes, but I must admit that the level at which it was conceived, sustained though it was throughout the enfoldment of the narrative, was a level at which it might just as easily have been rejected. For the material may have attained to the tragic, in the German conception it reached only pathos, and pathos is not far from sentimentality, emotional sentimentality. (I say all this despite my admiration of the film and its director.) The French reject emotional sentimentality, but they accept decorative sentimentality.

There have been a few French instances of *approximative* tragedy in the cinema, and these few instances indicate a milieu which the French have not nearly begun to exploit. I refer at this moment to the domestic tragedy, which provides immediate activity for all the French qualities of provincialism, limited locale, pictorial-mind. The film that first comes to my mind is *Poil de Carotte* of Julien Duvivier (with continuity, I am advised, by Jacques Feyder). The film was poignant and convincing and in every particular French. *Therese Raquin* belongs to the French acceptation, despite the pronounced German qualities of the exterior lighting and the acting of the two male players. (Feyder, a Belgian, is assimilative.) The French, if they but knew, would do the domestic film. Dulac gave us *Mme. Beudet*, sensitive in its irony carried pictorially. Nine years ago Albert Dieudonné made *Une Vie sans Joie* (called *Backbiters* in England) and



## CLOSE UP

had he ceased where the tale demanded, he would have presented to a sympathetic audience a tragic idyll. Instead he continued the film into the episode of the runaway tramway, where it looked very much like a take-off of an old French tinted film of a locomotive's dash. Jean Benoit-Lévy and Marie Epstein have recently produced *Peau de Pêche*. It is a melange of many themes expressed in the images and the captions. But amid this melange one detects certain promises: in the images of both the city and the country, in the characterization of the chum of Peach-Skin, and in one episode which should have been the film. The little stream which is the sustenance of the neighbourhood runs dry. The peasants have assembled to hear the radio of one of their neighbors. While they listen a cry comes from one of the lads: "The river is back!" An old man says: "Of what importance is the world to us now? We have a river back." A monumental theme expressed in the area of a small village in the provinces. A theme that obscures the entire film. A theme that indicates a possible point toward which the French film can strive. It is a theme for Jean Epstein.

Jean Epstein is an artist the rest of the French directors might study with profit. He is, although, I believe, a Jew, born in Poland, French in his virtues and his faults. His faults are almost always rendered virtuous by an all-inclusive mind which is not far removed from French sentimentalism, but which, by nobler intention and speculation, becomes mysticism. Epstein deals with inferences, the inferences of the penetrated image. His film *Finis Terrae* is, I think, of highest significance to France. I can indicate some errors, like the shifting of the point of view from the boys and their

## CLOSE UP

mothers to the doctor, but they do not contradict the contribution. The film is entirely pictorial-minded. It takes the natives as it finds them and builds the image of their stolid movements. I detect in this, not the snobbery Lenauer finds, but relevant intelligence. However, I do not intend speaking upon Epstein here. I reserve that for a paper wholly upon him. I wish only to indicate that here is one source for the French cinema.

And what will the French film take from *Joan of Arc*? It's perfection does not mean that it does not contain the germ of propagation. It too is built of the image. True it was done by a Scandinavian. But it was done with French material and its method offers an opportunity for the French intelligence. Another source—and this is one out of the boundaries of France—is the Swedish film of the days of Sjöström and Stiller. The American film, whose "technique" so infatuates the French mind, is not a source for that mind.

Sources: that is the first investigation every artist should make. I have dwelt upon the systemic sources for the French cinema. But, since the cinema, no more than any other art, is isolated, it will find its sources, not only in itself, nor in the mind immediately referring to it, but also in the other aesthetic articulations. Dreyer went to the medieval French miniature for a source to embolden the imagery, and hence the drama, of *Joan*. The French theatre is full of sources of identical mind with the French cinema mind: take Gaston Baty's production of Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid*. The pictorial mind dominates. The French *cineaste* must cease his absolutes of non-accord between the theatre



## CLOSE UP

and the cinema. He must look into all his experience and expressions to discover himself. He must believe he can create cinema, if he is faithful to his own intelligence, intuition and experience.

H. A. POTAMKIN.

## SCATTER BRAINS

Hope alone remaining! The procession from this year's box of Pandora is headed by the talkies, the squawkies and Al Jolson clad in his son's pyjamas.

Enter and exit Mr. Pudovkin, at intervals, followed by the eyes of press interviewers; while Jannings, tricked out as a siren on the rocks, tries to attract their attention by creating records in india-rubber mouths.

Anna May Wong is merely a spectator, standing in a corner with upraised hands. Buster Keaton throws an occasional knife in her direction with a certain indifference.

Conspicuous in the chorus of step-dancing daughters is Joan Crawford (futurist costume), but a determined lady is attempting to duplicate her "goings-on"; her dark hair, flashing eyes and slightly damaged diadem proclaim her to be Madame Pola Negri.

Hope alone remaining!

## CLOSE UP

The circus pictures, the peep-behind-the-scenes pictures, the IT pictures, the cartoon comics. And it is still considered good showmanship to give the public an eye-full. There was that multiple exposure in *Waterloo*, the exposure taking the form of a fan, each section containing ranks of period mercenaries. A good deal of time and care must have been spent to secure this elaborate Abel Gancism; I heard the caustic suggestion that the only way to show such a shot would be on the ceiling! And it is still considered good craftsmanship to move crowds in opposed rhythms. In the same picture outside files march upwards and inside files march downwards, and they are all supposed to be hurrying to the same battle-field!

Ufa, the fairy godmother of the cinema's childhood, who gave the cradled infant *Doctor Caligari*, rushed in with the over-laden *Secrets of the East*. Therefore to Volkoff the honour of the worst film to date, although I have no doubt that his compatriot Tourjanski runs him pretty close with *Volga Volga*.

Then the tragedies, and we do have tragedies now-a-days and that is something. The old type was represented by Murnau's *Four Devils* . . . Charles Morton, an exceptionally handsome hero, falls into bad ways because he has been associating with the exceptionally unscrupulous vamp. By trade a trapeze artist, he loses his nerve when aloft; beads of sweat on his brow catching the light. Trust little Janet Gaynor to put everything right, even if she has to fall off a trapeze to win back Charlie for a happy marriage; and now, although he presumably indulges in the same amount of petting, he thrives on it; you see, that makes such a very



## CLOSE UP

good moral! . . . . On the other hand *Thou Shalt Not* was unforgettable, the most rewarding picture of this July to July year.

America had plenty of groomed features like *Manhattan Cocktail*, with wonderful Lilian Tashman whom many think to be the best thing that has come out of Hollywood; and plenty of poverty stricken affairs like *Bringing Up Father*. All the American fan papers have continued to flourish; reproductions of Miss Letty Lorne in a few beads and captions underneath saying that Letty is just a nice, shy, old-fashioned girl!

I must mention *Close Up's* efforts to grapple with the problem of censorship, a problem inevitably associated with Von Stroheim, and editing, and re-editing. People approached me at the Plaza, with mournful faces, and reminded me how much had been cut from the Stroheim masterpiece, and that I really could not, and should not, judge it in its existing condition. However, I was impressed by the fragments; by the way, the atmosphere of Vienna was subtly re-created by a cigar in the lips of powdered-haired, supercilious Maude George . . . Face half hidden by military cockade Von Stroheim considers the difficulties of his position; sitting upright on a nervous horse is nothing to the problems of debt that neither father nor mother will meet. Pushing back his hat—his passion he cannot conceal by outward dignity of cockade—Mathew Betz is appropriating to Fay Wray who wants only to see the procession, that is until she notices Von Stroheim.

Like so many of the good new American pictures (example *The Crowd*) the story is subjective. Von's horse knocks

## CLOSE UP

down the admiring Fay; follows the pursuit of the girl, a harpist in a beer garden, by the man who is a prince in the most conventional circles. The apple blossoms, which will upset so many, the little Viennese heroine has arranged around herself. In Paul Leni's *The Last Warning*, the grotesque characters were projected from the ominous shadow background; but in Stroheim's picture the heroine wills the scenery into being. She is no poet, she cannot conjure up the maidens of the Blue Danube whom she longs to see, but she can visualize the obvious apple blossoms.

One of the performances of the year goes to Zazu Pitts, who as ever manages to carry off the histrionic laurels on being given the opportunity. She has the tiny part, in the mass-acred version, as the heiress whom Stroheim will marry for her money. She is like a holy candle; a princess with a limp. Is it too flippant to say that a holy candle should not walk?

In relation to the year's development of colour it is interesting to record that in the coloured sequence of this picture the shadows which moulded become just another colour.

Stroheim produces so few pictures that I am not in a position to ignore anything I may be fortunate enough to see. Month after month *Close Up* has dealt conscientiously with the magnificent new Russian films, there is no need in this short review to repeat; but the importance of *The Wedding March* is that so many more people will have a chance to see it than Alexandra Chochlova's new comedy. Although the Avenue Pavilion has done its best to make the film life of



## CLOSE UP

London brighter, and deserves a hand; in spite of *Backwaters*, an Asta Nielsen movie into which the censor insisted on inserting Freudian complications.

My private theory is that the vogue of Von Sternberg is not unconnected with the resemblance of his name to that of the master. Highbrows lost their heads about *The Case of Lena Smith*; another example of Sternberg's method of telling a film by titles.

Silhouette of Pudovkin; the talkies! I heard the famous bacon sizzling in *Old Arizona*, and saw Pauline Frederick holding bits of tulle to her throat to hide whipcord veins while she enunciated in *On Trial*. It is too early yet to know whether Pudovkin has utilized the true imagery of sound, that remains for next year's survey. To quote an interview which I had with Pabst, and which appeared in *The Kinematograph Weekly*:—

"Yesterday we were all travelling in a Blue Train, to-day we are back in the caravan fighting the Indians. Of course, the critics grumble; the talking picture has thrown us back ten years, but that is exactly what we directors love."

"Mr. Pabst is vital enough to take pleasure in fighting the Indians; although he holds that for the next decade scientific inventions will force the pace. The public will be content to go again and again to the kinema to hear each time an innovation that makes the new picture more perfect than the last. Still, when the public does crave once more for art, the brains will be there, *because there is money in the talkies.*"

Having quickly run through all that I look back and back and seek for further sub-divisions; it strikes me that I might review the year's satires, epics, as well as the spectacles,

## CLOSE UP

tragedies, talkies and monuments. What of *Les Deux Timides*, *Les Nouveaux Messieurs*? It flashes up that Epstein's lovely *Finis Terrae* is showing in the tiniest theatre in Paris; that *Living Image* was released over here without anybody paying the slightest attention to it; that somebody ought to tell Mosjoukine not to play in any more pictures like *The Secret Courier*; that the Film Society has a lot to live up to in the coming season.

In fine; that, that, THAT!

OSWELL BLAKESTON.

## CAMERA PROBLEMS

BY CARL HOFFMAN

(Photographer of the well-known Ufa-Superfilms

*Nibelungen*, *Faust*, etc.)

The problems of the camera are equally the problems of the entire motion picture. Generally speaking the work of the camera carries out the pictorial expression of the dramatist's thoughts. Film is picture. The picture appeals to the eye. To use a somewhat daring comparison, it could be said, that the camera must interpret to the eye the words of the dramatist.



## CLOSE UP

Despite the vast development which the film industry has experienced in America, the fact remains, that the development of the artistic film-photography originated in Germany, just as Germany deserves a lion's share of the credit for raising the artistic level of film production in general. Assisted by its vast resources, America held the fortunate position of being able to exploit these advancements in a most splendid manner.

It was a sacred principle in the early days of film-art that the camera must stand as firmly fixed as the Rock of Gibraltar. During the past ten years, however, this principle lost its rigidity more and more, and to-day the camera has become so moveable that it has almost become difficult to control her. The camera glides, slides, rises, is suspended, shifted into all corners and crevices and thus assists and supports the progress of the play. If a film were photographed to-day on old principles of photography, the audience would immediately suspect that an ancient production was being shown. Despite the unusual moveability practiced by the camera nowadays, the last word, as to the moveability of the camera, has certainly by no means been spoken. I can imagine moveability of the camera becoming perfect to such a degree, that the thoughts of the author are so plainly expressed by photography, that sub-titles will become fully superfluous. It would take me into too much detail to dwell on this phase at length.

Almost over night the slogan appeared: The silent film is dead, long live the sound-film! Does this mean that all the successes scored with the camera during these last twenty

## CLOSE UP

years are bound to disappear into oblivion? Shall the camera again become rigid as in the beginning? No, and again, No! Retrogression must be avoided by all means. Purpose of the camera must remain centred in the effort to harmonize the tone and sound expression of the talkie with the figurative expression. From what has been shown so far, it is evident that the camera is being caged in a sound-proof box. Poor camera! Alas! No more of your graceful movements, no more of your happy-go-lucky shifts? Are you again condemned to the same bondage and chains which you commenced breaking ten years ago?

## THE FILM IN ITS RELATION TO THE UNCONSCIOUS

I am going to treat the Film from the standpoint of the Freudian Psychic Life. The other standpoint, namely that of the conscious perceptual reality, has resulted in the Optophonic Cinema.

Night dreams, day dreams, fantasies, delirium, are according to Freud direct manifestations of the Unconscious.

With these I class the direct visually-excited mass fantasy of the Cinema.



## CLOSE UP

When an audience weeps, that is mass-fantasy affecting the lacrymal glands causing tears. When an audience feels Fear, that is mass-fantasy affecting another set of glands causing the feeling of fright. Intellectual processes are only partially present.

Let us examine the Dream; see if we can really *apply* its mechanisms to support our theory of the Relation of the Film to the Unconscious. Maybe we shall discover something new.

What gives the Dream it's content, shape, and expression is a conflict between primitive psychic wishes and the sublimated (disguised) impulses. In Dream-making proper, intellectual processes are non-existent, whereas in the Fantasy, Reverie, and the Day-dream, there is a definite content of intellectual conflict with the emergent (censored) unconscious. This applies to the Cinema in so far as it is considered purely as a mass fantasy, but the whole question is one of degree.

The triteness of our phrases requires a certain amount of qualification before we may proceed.

The film is a visual reality . . . light patterns on a screen. But the content of the cinema is fantasy.

We know well that there is no need to feel sorry for the Hall Porter in *The Last Laugh* . . . no need to let tears of the sublimest emotion well into our eyes when the unearthly purity of the blind girl (who we *know* is *not* blind) threatens to be defiled, in *Jeanne Ney*. At some time or other I have repressed sorrow and tears. Pabst who understands me and you, brings them to the surface in association with the creatures of his own conception, to give me, strangely

## CLOSE UP

enough, intense joy. Pabst transforms and transmutes my complexes at will, but always into something of great beauty.

\* \* \*

Firstly, we will speak of the "content" of the film. This I liken to the "Manifest Content" or "Dream-Narrative" of the Dream (in its wider inclusive sense).

The visual, perceptual film-narrative, obviously resides totally in the conscious ego . . . only to be forgotten slowly.

But manifest content is not the major importance of the "avant garde" cinema. And our theory helps us in determining what is this major importance, and in what manner. . . by what mechanism, is it to be achieved.

We turn then to the "Latent Content" . . . to something which I hold is entirely a function of the Unconscious and Pre-conscious.

There is none of this mechanism of the psychic processes about which we speak, without these two parts: manifest content and latent content, and their inter-relation. So the name of this article "The Film in Relation to the Unconscious" springs from this consideration.

Three very important psycho-mechanisms are "Condensation", "Displacement", and "Dramatization" . . . the same three mentioned by Freud as Dream-mechanisms.

"Condensation" is a term applied to the process whereby various elements in the latent content become fused together in the manifest content, and finds its parallel in the "mix", "composite-shot", and sometimes in the "dissolve" of the cinema.

The separate latent thoughts of the "mix" are sorted out by the unconscious (not without further complexities, let it



## CLOSE UP

be mentioned) and retained as associated yet distinct entities. Only in the manifest content is there mixture.

I suggest that a "mix" of the more directly associative elements of parallel-action is superior to rapid cutting, in that an inherent disjointedness of the latter method is avoided, and provided other features are carefully directed, the "condensation" may be of extra value as a psychological means of creating an associative tension between the separate thought-entities, far surpassing even the Russian method.

Again in the "composite-shot" I see a mechanism of abstraction that centres perhaps four or five distinct trains of thought, which run their course in the pre-conscious, into one manifest condensation in the conscious. At the same time a valuable associative complex is set up in the unconscious which can be utilised later to telling effect in the narrative.

The "dissolve" is generally badly used. A momentary condensation of a train of thought which has served its purpose with another which has not yet begun its purpose, is something which requires careful handling.

Generally it is used, this so called "lap dissolve", to associate the old with the new shot, and is in a narrow sense successful in this aim. At best elementary, there is a better use.

The material in the finished train of thought (a) should be condensed momentarily with the raw visual (manifest) material in (b) for the sole purpose of associating the latent content of (a) with the manifest content of (b). This (b) has as yet no latent content. Therefore, the dissolve should be used purely as an associative technique connecting the latent

## CLOSE UP

content of narrative-reality with the symbolism of visual "imagery".

I prefer a technique more innately fluid for the purpose of purely narrative fluidity, and suggest the quick de-focus-cut-re-focus, which I have seen only once or twice, and then badly applied. There is no condensation and defective intention is avoided.

There has been much spoken about "imagery", and for me it is nothing more or less than "symbolism". It depends on the intellectual elevation of the composer whether it be subtle or merely obvious symbolism. Money-lenders always have been and always will be fat spiders to American Cinema, but occasionally a Seastrom gives us symbolism of the subtle kind seen in *Wind*.

Presently we shall consider this subject in its fuller aspect, that of the sublimation of unconscious material . . . the "raison d'être" of all symbolism.

"Displacement", the second mechanism, is an agent whereby psychic importance is shifted from a given element in the latent content, to another unrelated element in the manifest content. This seems to be bound up with "camera angle" and its purpose.

A film with a theme of thwarted love for its latent content, rises to a physical climax. In itself the manifest physical climax is not over impressive . . . but added psychic tension is brought to bear upon it by displacement from "thwarted love". Exactly how to induce "displacement" we shall touch upon later in connection with "Manifest Repression".

The third mechanism known as "Dramatization" is simple, and of greatest importance.



## CLOSE UP

The visual form, a scene of action, time sequence, etc., are given to the elements of the latent content.

We have met this before under the name of "literalness". It was employed in *The Street*. The wayward clerk sees his wife's image going away from him . . . as he looks at his wedding ring before staking it in the gambling hall.

Symbolism? No . . . for no symbol was employed. Therefore, not "imagery" either. This visualisation was a literal translation of the latent content . . . his wife would be separated further and further away from him. An abstract mental process converted into its primary perceptions. Such indeed, is the definition of "Dramatization" in the Freudian sense.

In general, of course, manifest content is a dramatization of the latent content . . . but not invariably.

Where is the direct "dramatization" of latent content in a sequence heavily charged with dramatic irony? The irony arises from the fact of that complete variance or absence of dramatization between latent and manifest content. This point has probably never been stated in psychological terms before.

Every abstract mental process is capable of a purely visual Dramatization. Of any associated ideas connected with the essential latent thoughts, such ones that will permit of visual representation are preferred. This is definite . . . psychologically innate in man.

Therefore I contend that silent cinema is hampered in no way, and will remain superior to optophonic cinema.

The mind prefers a visualisation to anything else. Even if the latent thought is inflexible, the mechanisms we have

## CLOSE UP

reviewed are sufficient to recast it into another if more unusual visual form. When successfully recast and treated more unusually the work is called "advanced art".

The sound element will rob the film of much of its fantasy, its mechanisms will be rendered almost meaningless, and therefore, its psychological appeal will dwindle.

En passant, I do not think there is any meaning in "counterpoint" in connection with fantasy . . . but will not say definitely.

Before passing on to a discussion of Repression in the cinematic sense, we may first liken the film generally to the dream process called Regression. "The dreamer is usually looking on at the dream enactments as a spectator surveys the stage" . . . this is called Regression by Freud, we call it cinema. And the more careful use of dream-mechanism will produce the more perfect cinema.

Regression will cease when the camera acquires a personality.

"Cinematic Repression" is of the kind seen in *Uberfall*. The footpad's blow is vividly hinted . . . it is not seen . . . therefore, latent content is heightened by the Repression of certain manifest elements (their absence).

If the blow were to be manifest, the latent content would be resolved, there would be no Repression of a brutal thought and it would suffer from lack of psychic tension.

"Displacement" may be induced by means of deliberate repressions of this kind. Very often the psychic tension may be usefully transferred (displaced) to the symbols employed. Again: *Seastrom* . . . who generally transfers to some natural force which was a subtle symbol all the time.



## CLOSE UP

It was hoped that this theory of Cinema would serve as a lead and a Statement to a New English Cinema . . . one with courage in its conviction that "talkies" shall find no place in its heart . . . and moreover one with a purpose.

This brings me to Purpose. Viewed in the light which it is hoped has been cast upon it, its Purpose appears to be the Sublimation and De-sublimation of certain mass repressions, and complexes which may go to isolate the Englishman from the world.

Certainly the only instrument capable of such a forlorn task, is the instrument of mass fantasy . . . the Cinema.

L. SAALSCHUTZ.

## SILHOUETTE OF A CRITIC

The collected works of John T. Rollstone consist of a single article on the cinema, published not so many years ago in the now defunct "Screen Success". Faithful readers of this kind of literature may remember the sensation caused in its day by the article which the author modestly entitled "A Thought About The Movies". In a prefatory note the editor of the publication himself takes pains to laud "this bit of philosophy which sets us right about the important thing in the motion-picture world". Another equally competent writer on Rollstone's chef d'oeuvre described it in the telling

## CLOSE UP

language of American colloquial as "a mouthful". The article in toto has been reprinted in the foremost cinema revues of America, and its author praised as "perhaps the most intelligent writer on the subject".

To rescue this delicious morsel of criticism from oblivion for the sake of its savoury wisdom, if not for its timeliness, would be service enough to a worthy cause. Add to this fact the rarer and subtler element of literary quality, sustained, terse and brilliant, creating the impression that here at last has been set down by a successful disciple of French masters of epigram, a truth, a dogma, call it what you will, and the case of an important contribution to the understanding of the subject is proved beyond doubt.

Perhaps the fragmentary nature of the work is the chief cause of timidity on the part of critics and reviewers who are too busy reading one another's opinions to give attention to an exotic piece of writing scarcely a page in length. Only a short while ago a magazine devoted to the publication of works of modern tendencies printed a poem of one line. This solitary line graces an entire sheet of the magazine just mentioned:—

"Don't discuss life, people, problems. Don't voice poverty."

After giving a sketch of the poetess's life, the editor comments wisely: "Her writings are brief and uncompromising, with brusque staccato rhythms and acid philosophical content." Although we can but disagree with the editor, that the quoted "poem" has any recognizable rhythm whatever or any content fit to be described as either "acid" or "philosophical", nevertheless, his courage in "voicing" the



## CLOSE UP

"poem" is a matter of note. We are evidently entering the era of brevity in the arts. The music-halls of Paris with their fig-leaf attire are pointing the way. Poetry writing will become a popular pastime when poems need be no longer than the one "voiced" above. In the future, a mere word may suffice . . . First, poems, then short stories, novels perhaps, may follow suit . . . Happy prospects, indeed . . .

Of John T. Rollstone's preparation for the task of film-criticism we can but guess imperfectly. The vast range of classic plays from Euripides down to Shaw read, analysed and classified, the canons of dramatic criticism firmly in his mind, the technique of the new drama-form too on his fingertips, as it were, our future film-critic, we surmise, approached his new field of activity with the confident assurance of a master. What Rabelaisian wit he would have displayed in writing of Buster Keaton and his cow! With what Heinesque whip of sarcasm he would have flayed certain "movie" directors! What praise, too, tempered by a knowledge of the humanly-attainable he would have bestowed upon patient merit which in the cinema, as elsewhere, from the unworthy spurns takes! Unlike some of his professional colleagues who, with no more than a stock of technical terms of the cinema and a hazy knowledge of anything, rush into print, Rollstone, it is certain, would have preferred the thornier path . . .

As for the man's life-story, we must leave a discussion of it to a more informed pen. Whether, indeed, he is resting upon the laurels of his initial success or whether some mischance cut off his promising life at the bud, we have no means of knowing. A grateful posterity will, we doubt not, inscribe

## CLOSE UP

upon John T. Rollstone's monument the words which constitute his chef d'oeuvre on the cinema, his life-work, his all-in-all. It is reprinted here in full that, as the saying goes, they who run may read :—" Never mind the highbrow stuff ! Give them beautiful girls and handsome men and watch the cash-receipts swell !"

MICHAEL STUART.

## SOME BRITISH FILMS

Some films are born inane, others achieve insanity, and some have profanity thrust upon them. Let us consider awhile. And live in hope. An Empire's strength lies in its recruiting posters. And a country's films in their criticism.

Criticism in itself, is, of course, a strange word in England. Read the Sunday newspapers, the film features of which are usually written by enterprising residents of the outer suburbs, with mentalities suited to their environment. Read their verdicts and ponder them carefully. Then invert the result and stay away from the picture.

Our pet critics have forgotten most of their adjectives. " Masterful " is on the files, to be resurrected when Alfred Hitchcock's next opus is flung on the exhibitors and the Press at its trade show, " Sincere " awaits Captain



## CLOSE UP

Banfield's next epic, "Lewd" must be kept in quarantine until a Russian film staggers the Film Society, "Revolutionary" must be banished until Pudovkin revisits the British Isles.

Yes, our critics have had a poor time lately. Their superlatives are in dry dock, awaiting the next batch of Elstree trade shows, the pretty little phrases with which they dismiss Messrs. Cavalcanti and Company must lie dormant until next season.

With one or two exceptions, we have not had many British trade shows lately. The home product is feeling unwell. Rumour has it that it is busy finding its voice. One can but hope that it will die dumb. I sometimes wonder what the critics do when they have no British films to praise. Probably they begin making puns about Clara Bow. It's a life.

As a warning to those of *Close Up's* readers who are sufficiently lucky never to have seen any British efforts, I have taken seven monumental examples of our screen art and intend to review their salient features.

Chosen as fairly as possible, I really think they represent the various currents in the British School, if any or thereabouts. The discerning reader will then be able to judge that while we may be excellent fellows when it comes to growing broccoli and exporting it to France, as film makers we are scarcely as distinguished.

On the other hand, one would be a fool to condemn British production out of hand. Our stuff is getting better. There is no doubt about that. It may still be imitation American, but it is better imitation than it once was. And in the case

## CLOSE UP

of one company—British Instructional—it promises to become much more than that.

### THE LOST PATROL.

A British Instructional film made by Walter Summers.

*Patrol* got me. I saw it three times. First by business, then by choice, then by accident. And the third state of mind was as good as the first. *Patrol* is a typical British picture, indirectly glorifying the British soldier. But not so vicious, needless to say, as *The Flag Lieutenant* and similar dither.

*Patrol* is a satisfying picture. It is almost a great one. Many people might think that it is the best thing yet done in England. Summers is one of our best directors. I saw the film before I had read the book, and, after reading it, can understand why people who had read the novel first were disappointed in the picture. It just misses the bigness it sets out to capture. But in its very failure it is infinitely more stimulating than the cabaret nonsense of the average British masterpiece.

The story is well known; a dozen men are lost in the desert during the War. One by one they are killed off like flies, ruthlessly, unfeelingly, by the vigilant tribesmen. The sergeant, the one soldier who takes militarism seriously, lasts longest. He is killed, after having accounted for one Arab for every one of his comrades who has been shot.

The picture's value is psychological rather than cinematic. Summers is nearly always an onlooker in his pictures. But he is an intensely observant one. He treats his subject with aloofness, running back from it to give you a sense of



## CLOSE UP

the pettiness of the whole tragedy against the background of war, then darting into it again to show how a demented sergeant will die, starved, parched and maddened, after cleaning his buttons as though awaiting a battalion parade.

The men are shown first in private life, then drawn together, and flung into the war drama, sent, gradually dwindling, to the oasis where the climax is reached. Through it all we see the civilians lurking beneath the tunics of the B.E.F. soldier. The jam of futility has been smeared liberally over the whole picture.

Technically, it is not so good. The flashbacks take up too much footage; the half reel devoted to amorous adventures in Venice took our minds off the real drama. Another flashback, showing the events which led up to one of the unit enlisting, was as sickly as treacle with its cheap patriotism and sentimentality.

One has to forgive much. One comes to forget the blemishes. Instead, the memory of Clifford MacLagen as the Sergeant lingers. Not, I repeat, a great film. But very nearly.

## WEEK-END WIVES.

A British International Picture, directed by Harry Lachman.

Britain's biggest bow at the boudoir box-office. Pulsing with the palpitating passion of Paramount pulchritude. Dazzling with the dubious delights of daring Deauville.

Type: bedroom farce. Vintage: French stage. Cellar: Metro-Goldwyn. Art director: the same. Titles by *Double*

## CLOSE-UP

*entente*. Situations, by Naughtiness, out of "A" Certificate. Direction, production, and camerawork, slick.

Entertainment values: For the Provinces, who like their weekly dose of two-dimensional *negligée*, tremendous. For the towns, who appreciate American films, considerable. For the sophisticated, who know all about this sort of thing, fair. For the film student, none.

Lachman has potentialities. Even in this film, which possibly justifies its claim to Yankee slickness, he shows a neat sense of camera. But he ought to be given better material. As it is he merely left us in about the same state as Greta Garbo now leaves us, namely, a little less than frigid.

But then he set out to provide the masses with entertainment.

## PICCADILLY.

A British International Picture, directed by E. A. Dupont.

This is the perfect British film. That means to say it was made by a German, with a German cameraman; its leading lady is an American of Polish extraction and its second lady an American of Chinese extraction; the leading man is English and the second man Chinese; the art direction is by a foreigner and the story is by Arnold Bennett, who must have had the toothache or an Income Tax paper at the time.

For the remainder, it is authentically rumoured that the great aunt of one of the men who trimmed the lights came from Aberdeen.

So you see, a typical British film.

And what a film! Take a magazine. Open it. Notice



## CLOSE UP

the stories, illustrated here and there by pretty pictures. That's *Piccadilly*. It must have something like a record number of captions. But it is Art.

ART.

With a capital A. If Dupont wants to show two people in different rooms he pans from the attic, down the stairs, across the front room, through a brick wall or two, into the room, wanders around it and finally brings his camera to rest on his second character.

*Piccadilly* is Werner Brandes, the cameraman, first and foremost. His stuff has quality, the hard American, Paramount stuff. And here and there a lot of soft close-ups to give the art illusion.

And after Brandes? Anna May Wong, who shakes a wicked hip through most of the picture. The film, besides its captions, must contain more close-ups of legs, knees, and the like than almost any other film.

There must be something wrong somewhere. *Piccadilly* was lavishly praised by the critics. The public looked as though they paid money to see it. I thought it was one of the world's worst. Especially considering its cost. Atkinson described it as a masterpiece. There must be something wrong somewhere. And I have a feeling it isn't me.

The story deals with a restaurant owner who employs a star dancer who is his mistress. He becomes intrigued by a Chinese girl in the kitchens and gives her a part in the cabaret. Her best boy plays the organ while she twiddles a sinuous loincloth. Or something like that. Pseudo-Freudian stuff all through.

Somebody murders someone else, and the Chinese youth—

## CLOSE UP

quite a fine performance, by the way—dies on Anna's coffin. Placards outside the London Pavilion announce the fact that the world goes on. Sardonic, that.

Personally, I wondered it had the cheek to.

### BLACK WATERS.

A British and Dominions production, made in Hollywood, with a British director and cast. A "talkie" picture. A British "Quota" film.

Our first talkie. Chaucer was a much more satisfactory pioneer. *Black Waters* is a splendid film. It must be. The Press said so. If this is an example of the sort of talkie we are going to make, I hereby hope that all the recording sets get measles. This one sounded as though it had, by the way.

Real drama, though. Murders, shrieks, panels opening, doors closing. Fog. Fog. More fog. Black, oily waters, gloomy depths. Fog. Did I remember to say Fog?

A number of people turn up on a dirty ship at midnight on a dirty night, to answer the dirty call of a dirty criminal. Evening dress is Dockland. Shiplights winking on sparkling dress-fronts. Mary Brian, oozing chiffon and sex appeal, tripping it lightly over the various dead bodies.

There is a mystery. I agree. The mystery, according to the criticisms, was—Who was the criminal? Personally, I thought it was—Where was the film?

All very sinister. A Lascar blew poison through a blow-pipe, an old salt muttered startling things through black teeth, and someone or other spouted religious tags all over the sound groove.

The direction was masterful. John Loder ran up and



## CLOSE UP

down looking for the criminal, Mary Brian ran up and down looking for John Loder, someone else ran up and down looking for Mary Brian. At any moment I expected a skeleton would jump out of a concealed cupboard.

It may have done. I remembered an appointment after three-quarters of an hour of it. But I am still laying even money that I spotted the criminal in the first reel. One always does. These things are so subtle.

## WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.

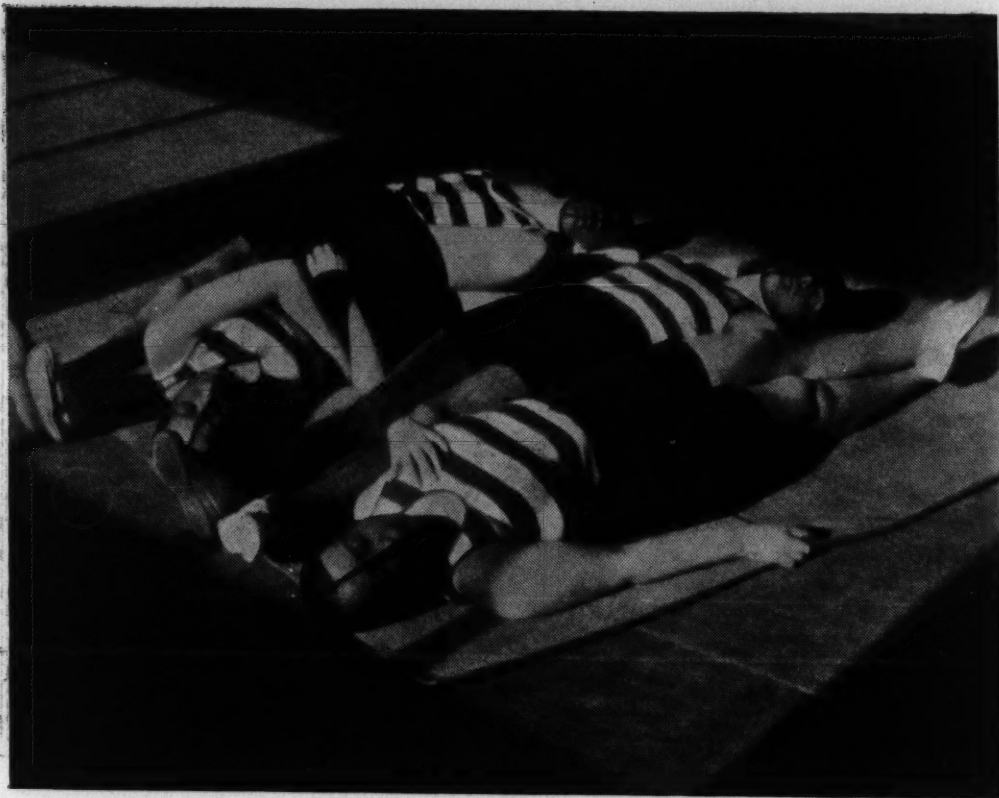
Produced by British and Dominions, directed by Tim Whelan.

Suggested alternative title: *When Gags Were Old*. Another of the world's worst. Even for England. I saw this picture a few days after my second visit to *Week-End Wives*. The contrast was a compliment to British International.

Fantasy is one of the doors to cinema. This film, the story is too well known to be repeated, should be sheer fantasy. And it was. Fantastic fantasy. The picture, as a comedy, is about as cheerless as a carbuncle. And about as inflated. The gags are priceless. Too low to be purchased. Smelly breath and slippery banisters supply their quota. I got two titters all through it. It is too slow to be slapstick, too clumsy to be fantasy. Just idiocy.

The siege of the family castle was made on ambitious lines with car tracks running along the medieval roads. But the siege, like the rest of the film, was a rocket which has been waterlogged for a week.

Nelson Keys, who might be a good film droll if only he had the material, is like a salmon in a tin can here. Some



*Le Mystère du Château du Dé*, a new film by Man Ray.

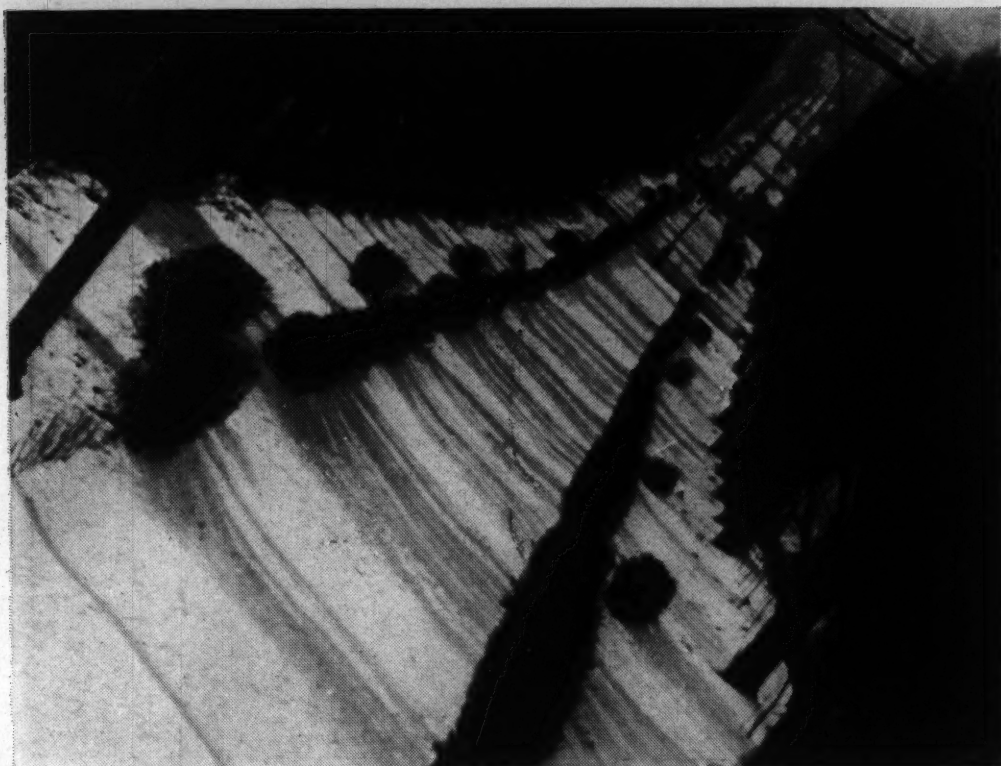




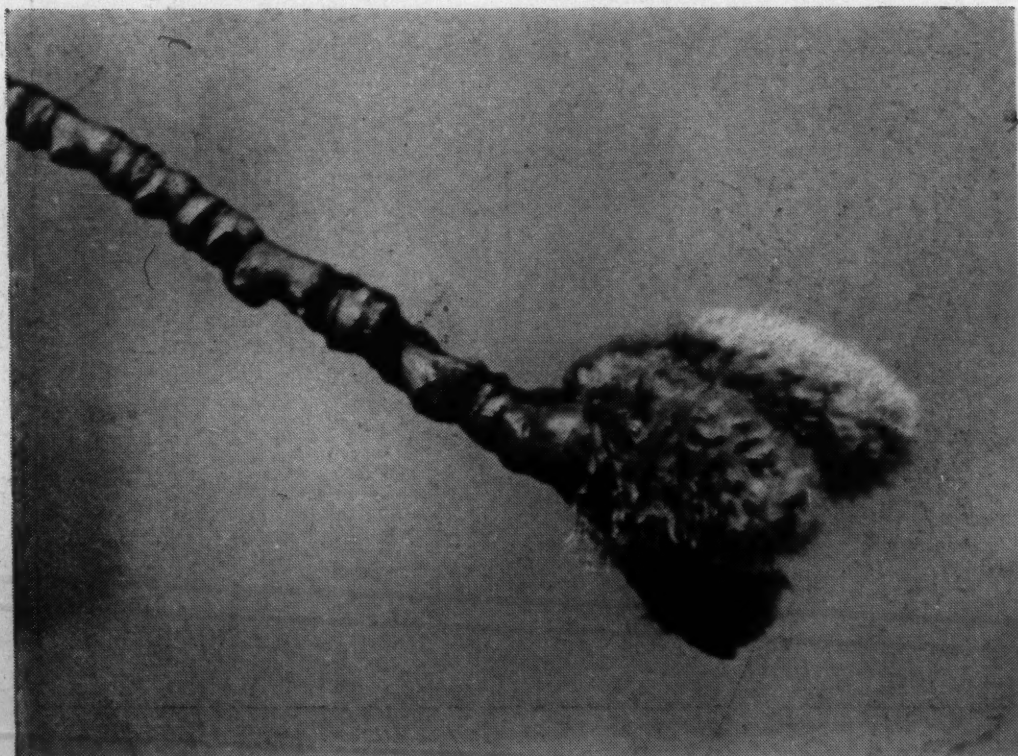


*Le Mystère du Château du Dé, by Man Ray.*





*Spring.* Author-cameraman, M. Kaufmann, hero of Dziga Vertoff's *Man With the Movie-Camera*, who has also filmed all Vertoff's productions. He has now begun to work separately. This is his second film, the first being *Moscow*.







The making of *The Ghost That Never Returns*, Alexander Room's now completed picture.



A scene from *The Ghost That Never Returns*.



From *Pits*, Room's previous film. Production Sovkino. Artists :  
A. Minin and Olgina.



Photo: Eli Lotar

A. Cavalcanti and Catherine Hessling, who plays the principal  
role in his new film, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*.





The perfect portrait study conception! *Little Miss London*, a British Instructional indiscretion.



A French comment on the same state of vestal purity. Catherine Hessling in a charmingly intimate study of innocent girlhood. *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* is a talking-sound film. Music by Yves de la Casinière.



Chamber of Horrors, show-case number three. *The Lady of the Lake*, a Gainsborough film. Note subtle poise of lady under tree. Anything might have happened. Note also that Jaeger worsteds were worn with nineteenth century kilts and modern haircuts. The charade troubadour is Percy Marmont.



Pass along to the next case please. Gaumont's pastoral masterpiece, *The Arcadians*. . . . "Words, idle words, I know not what they mean. . . ."





"We find such realism a little unpleasant." More Gainsborough. *The Wrecker*. Note the draped figures. The lady emerging as from her limousine, the figure next door coming out of the window upside down, and the figure next door about to climb over the roof.



Our idea of the artistic. Exquisite grouping, and expression of lingering agony of the faces of the leading players. . . . "Ain't that *A R T*?" . . . *Paradise*, a Denison Clift British International film.



The Devil Monkey of the Amazon. From *Monkeys' Moon*, a film now nearing completion by Kenneth Macpherson.



The Douracouli, or Devil Monkey as he is called by the Amazonian Indians, is nocturnal in his habits. The two monkeys in this film are pets of the director.





"Sister", who adored being taken in lingering close-ups. One of Nature's film-stars. The faces are white and black, the back grey, and the breast orange.



"Sister" (right) and Bill, who hated the camera as much as she loved it. From *Monkey's Moon*, a new film by Kenneth Macpherson.



From *Foothills*, a film by Kenneth Macpherson.



From *Foothills*.





From *Foothills*, a film by Kenneth Macpherson.



## **CLOSE UP**

films are born to be remembered. Others are better unborn. This is one of them.

## **MASTER AND MAN.**

Produced by British Screen Productions, directed by George Cooper.

Really British. Another endurance test. The trouble with this one, despite its hopelessness, is that it might have been a good film. It has touches. It was probably cut to pieces, in the wrong places, after the approved English style. The scene of the rats scuttling out of a burning building is quite good for a British film.

It almost defies constructive criticism. Technique, mounting, titling and editing are awful. Direction cannot be criticised. I should like to know how much to debit to the megaphone and how much to the scissors. Story concerns a selfish employer who sacks his manager. Their respective girl and boy have been secretly married. There is a fire and a case of loss of memory; a wondering son and a divided household; a girl reading "Hints to Young Mothers," or something equally suggestive. A tactful lot, these British directors. It is all very complicated, though it might have been worth while, and one realises, on seeing it, how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, seem to be all the products of the British cinema.

## **THE RISING GENERATION.**

A W.P. Production, directed by Harley Knoles and George Dewhurst.



## CLOSE UP

There is an inside story about the production of this film. But there is no need to sling mud by spilling it. Nice and mixed that. It suffices to say that it gets near rock bottom. The biggest moment occurs during a cabaret scene, when we are edified by a burlesque turn by two professional dancers.

That is sufficient for the picture. If a film's highlight consists of a variety turn imported from the vaudeville stage you can guess the rest. The story of the play, dealing with a husband and wife who return from abroad and masquerade as butler and housekeeper to their own children, is sketchily drawn along impossible lines. Little effort at light relief, and the film should have been a comedy, is permitted the artistes. A fake cinema show in the middle of the picture got a laugh at the trade show. Probably because the audience wanted to justify their boiled shirts.

George Dewhurst, who cut this epic, must have had the Devil's own time with it. That he got some sort of cohesion is a tribute to his ingenuity.

You should see this film. It will be an experience.

\* \* \*

There are the seven. Optimistic little nigger boys, not too clean, not too bright. Most of them decidedly backward. But all the apple of their makers' eyes.

We have made one or two films besides *The Lost Patrol* which are worthy of serious thought from the artistic angle. *Tesha* was good drama. But bad cinema. But seven examples, as everyone will agree, are perhaps seven more than enough.

## CLOSE UP

The thing to remember, all said and done, is that we are in a blind alley. We don't know which way to turn. When we do we may make good pictures. Meanwhile, let us watch—and pray.

HUGH CASTLE.

## KULTUR-FILM

### KULTUR-FILM.

#### THE SCIENTIFIC-EDUCATIONAL FILM.

Published by Tea-Kino-Pechat, Moscow.

(Contents : *Introduction* by K. I. Shutko; *The Physiological Foundations of Cinematography*, by P. P. Lazaref; *What is meant by the Politico-Educational Film*, by K. I. Shutko; *The Scientific Film Abroad*, by K. I. Shutko; *The Scientific Educational Film in the U.S.S.R.*, by L. M. Sukharevsky; *On the Way to the Creation of the Scientific Educational Film*, by L. M. Sukharevsky; *Method of Constructing the Scientific Popular Film*, by A. N. Tiagay; *Method of Showing the Scientific Educational Film*, by L. M. Sukharevsky; *What is meant by a "Chronicle" Film*, by K. I. Shutko; *Problem of preparing a Foundational Staff of Workers for the*



## CLOSE UP

*Scientific Educational Film*, by L. M. Sukharevsky;  
*Special Devices in Cinematography*, by V. K. Ulovitch;  
*Immediate Tasks and Prospects of the Scientific Educational Film in the U.S.S.R.*, by L. M. Sukharevsky.)

At the first Party Congress held in Russia on questions connected with the Cinema, a resolution was passed to the effect that : " The cinema can and must occupy an important place in the cultural revolution as an instrument of general education and of communist propaganda " ; and any one who wishes to be informed as to the means which have been taken in Russia to put this resolution into practice will find this volume a mine of information. In spite of every kind of financial and technical difficulty, Russia has tackled her film problems with a zeal and intelligence infinitely worthy of admiration and emulation. The pioneer enterprise connected with the cultural film in Russia was the Gos-Kino, which in 1923 formed a special department for developing this side of its work. In conjunction with Kult-Kino, with which it afterwards became amalgamated, this department produced the famous film, *Abort* (abortion). Kult-Kino also produced *The Truth of Life* (syphilis), *Life as it is* (tuberculosis), as well as a number of ethnographical, geographical and other films. Among other organisations which have produced educational films are : Politkino (*Electrification*, *The Black Death*, *The Great Flight*, etc.); Sevzapkino (*Scarlatina*, *Fishing*, *Life of a Textile Worker*, etc.); Belgoskino (*Prostitution*) and Azgoskino (*The Struggle for Life*, the *Oil Industry*, etc.). Gosvoyenkino (State Military Kino) was founded in September, 1924, with the object of providing

## CLOSE UP

special films for the instruction of the Red Army and also films for the lay public; its productions include: *Sport and Manoeuvres*, *Shooting*, *Boxing*, the *Silk Industry in Turkestan*, *Tanks*, *Aviation*, the *Transport of Troops on the Railways*, etc. Meshrabpom has produced films on the Metric System, Alcoholism, Earth and Sky (illustrating the movements of the heavenly bodies), First Aid, The Care of the Sick, and Pudovkins's famous film, *The Mechanics of the Brain*, illustrating the theories of Professor Pavlov, as well as various industrial films (cotton industry, shipbuilding, railway construction, and the manufacture of nails, boots, books, newspapers, etc.); and it has numerous other films ready or in preparation, for instance: protection against poison gas, the motor car industry, the hygiene of food, physical culture, the film industry. Sovkino has produced films on sound, alcohol, health in the factory, the development of the amphibia, the milk industry, and has also a long list ready or in preparation, including: *The Sunflower Industry*, *The Fight for the Harvest*, *10 Years of Soviet Medicine*, *Forest Dwellers*, *The Epoch of the Romanovs and Tolstoy*, *Sun, Air and Water*, *The Nobel Expedition*, etc.

An aspect of the cinema that has received special attention in Russia is the study of the interests and requirements of the cinema audience, for the purpose of which three principal methods have been employed: 1. the keeping of a diary recording observations of the reactions of the spectators to various films by workers specially trained for this task (direct observation); 2. the collection of wishes and opinions by means of a questionnaire; 3. observation of some particular audience over a period of from 3 to 6 months (experimental



## CLOSE UP

observation). In the case of illiterates the questionnaire method is of course impracticable and in their case and that of the less educated the method of direct observation has been found the most satisfactory, while for the more skilled and cultured class the questionnaire and the experimental method are employed in conjunction.

The promoters of the educational cinema in Russia have also been alive to the value of such technical devices as slow motion, rapid motion, reverse motion, etc., for the purpose of illustrating biological, chemical and other processes, as well as for that of scientific research. Rapid motion photography has, for instance, been used to illustrate the hatching of a chicken, the growth of a plant and the construction of the great elevator in Moscow.

It has also been realised that the educational value of the cinema can be greatly enhanced if it is associated with complementary organisations for the purpose of instruction, explanation and study. In Moscow, Leningrad and Odessa, for example, special educational cinema theatres have been organised, equipped with library, reading room and foyer, and it is planned to open many more in the next few years. Explanatory pamphlets are available in the foyer for study by the audience before witnessing the actual films; such as that prepared by Prof. L. N. Voskresensky and Pr. Doc. Müller in connection with the film, *The Food Problem*, and that by A. M. Tiagay for *Mechanics of the Brain*. Further there has been organised in Russia a body of lecturers to assist at the exhibitions of the films and either explain the pictures as they appear on the screen or give an introductory explanation before they are shown, as well as to answer any questions that

## CLOSE UP

the audience may care to ask. Exhibitions are also organised in connection with certain films. In connection with the great *Potemkin* film a special exhibition is organised in the foyer consecrated to the events of the year 1905 and in the reading room, social and historical literature connected with this period are provided. In connection with the film, *Invisible Enemies of Man* a microscope is available, through which the audience may look in turn and examine, for instance, a drop of milk or water brought by themselves. Similarly a telescope is provided in connection with the film, *Astronomy*; and in connection with geological and botanical films special excursions are organised. An interesting article is devoted to the development of the News Bulletin Film—or “Chronicle”, as it is called in Russia, and another to the training of film workers of every grade, for whom a thorough and elaborate training is provided in particular by the G.T.K. (State Technical College of Cinematography) in Moscow and the Photo-Kino-Technikum at Leningrad.

L. M. Sukharevsky also gives an interesting account of the use of the cinema in Russia for purposes of scientific and technical research, for instance, in the hydro-technical laboratory of Timiriazevskaya Academy, for studying the movements of fluids, and at the laboratory of Professor Joffe at Lesnoy for studying the distribution and transmission of heat in factory furnaces and boilers; at the latter, by means of an entirely original device it was possible to photograph the movement of the invisible heat-rays within the boiler and so to make a number of discoveries the practical application of which will entail a considerable saving of fuel.



## CLOSE UP

Another interesting article by L. M. Sukharevsky is devoted to the subject of the use of the cinema in schools and other educational institutions of the U.S.S.R., as well as to the experiments now being made with the talking film by Professor Kovalenkova in Leningrad and Professor Romanov and P. Tager in Moscow. In a short article it is impossible to do justice to all the varied information contained in this book, but no one after reading it could doubt what extraordinarily interesting and valuable work is being done in Russia in connection with cinematography and what a cultural loss is being inflicted on the English people by the obstacles opposed to the exhibition of Russian films in this country.

WINIFRED RAY.

## ALL TALKIE!

Potted dialogue, canned music and shrieking cabarets have taken London by storm. "All Talking, All Singing, All Dancing, All Noise" is the order of the day. Plaza, Empire, Tivoli, Astoria, Carlton, New Gallery, Piccadilly, Regal and Rialto have all fallen for the Great God Microphone.

There is scarcely a film to be seen in London. Fortunately, I am a confirmed optimist, but really, the situation is getting

## CLOSE UP

desperate. The Empire, "from noon to midnight" vainly tries to satiate the public with *Broadway Melody*. On the opening night the theatre was nearly pulled to pieces, and still they come, six times a day. Anita Page is the new world's sweetheart, and Charles King's theme songs are whistled, shouted, crooned and yelled all over the place.

*Show Boat*, a most tedious, dismal thing, broke records at the Tivoli and a palpitating public gasps to know whether it was some extra girl or really Laura la Plante who sings (very indifferently) *Old Man River*.

Mary Pickford's *Coquette*, which was completely inaudible, and worse than the worst penny-in-the-slot machine has been replaced by Vilma Banky in *This Is Heaven*, which it isn't, and now we are waiting for "Carl Laemmle's Million Candle Power Picture" of bootleggers, booze and cabarets, *Broadway*.

*Speakeasy* is probably the best of the bunch so far, because it has continuous, swift movement, action, and a complete lack of those distressing conversations between characters who look as if their life depends upon their staying rooted to one particular spot for all time. *Speakeasy* certainly shews what can be done with sound, but nevertheless great was my joy when the Astoria included in the same programme *The Girl on the Barge*, a charming lyric of real cinematic beauty, and silent.

But still they come. I am assured by Mr. Fox's publicity agent, a modest man, that *Fox's Movietone Follies* is "the miracle of the sound screen". All Talking! All Singing!! All Dancing!!!

"A Maelstrom of Melody and Mirth".



## CLOSE UP

"THE MOST DARING — DYNAMIC AND LAVISH PRODUCTION THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN OR HEARD".

And then again :

"A SAGA OF LOVE AND LOVELINESS THAT WILL TAKE EUROPE BY STORM".

I suppose we ought to shout "Hurrah!", but in reality, of course, *Movietone Follies*, which mainly consists of legs and underclothes, and which carries songs beginning "Take a Sugar Cookie", is the sort of thing which is made by half-wits for half-wits.

And after this we are to have *Synthetic Sin*, the story of a good little girl who wanted to be a bad little girl. Oh God, Oh Montreal!

There is, however, one bright spot on the horizon. I tremble to mention it, but—there are hopes that we may see a few Russian films. Those-in-the-know are hopeful that the Labour Government will remove the ban which in the past has mysteriously but rigidly met Soviet Russia's productions. Dozens of Russian films are lying in London, many others are easily obtainable.

With all due respect to Mr. Fox, this, to us, is news, real news. We can put up with his Follies if we can have the opportunity of appreciating Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Room. Whether the news is true or not I do not know, but what I do know, and what I do say in all earnestness, is that everyone of us has got to go all out to make it true. Otherwise, God help us and God help the Cinema!

A.W.

## CLOSE UP

### CINEMAPHOBIA

With the advent of the talkies there has come a fresh outbreak of cinemaphobia. It's chief present manifestation is a fear of the influence of the "American" language upon our classic English. This phase of the epidemic appears to be particularly virulent in Great Britain, the traditional custodian of pure speech. Cultured little boys and girls will be demoralized by listening to the verbal prostitutions of Hollywood.

"Our children," declares one British protestant, "will listen to drama after drama wherein the performers, whether impersonating English peers, Russian spies, Roman soldiers or South Sea Islanders, will deliver themselves in the accents of Vermont or Kansas. Americans write English as well as we do. The trouble is they do not talk English as we want our children to talk it.

"But there is also to be considered the purely American crook film which will in effect become an American play. Can our children listen to two or three of these weekly without taking unto themselves the diction and ultimately, perhaps, the mentality of the Chicago underworld or Charleston water



## CLOSE UP

front? Clearly something will have to be done if young England is to remain young England."

There we have it. A typical case. A recrudescence of the same morbid alarm that spread over America and England when the movies first became popular. There would be no escaping the baneful effect of viewing the manners and behaviour of American roughnecks on the screen. Our children would all want to be cowboys and crooks and gentlemen villains, or soiled women, rich men's mistresses, or sacrificial maidens. No wonder censorship boards sprang into existence and righteous puritans rolled up their pale eyes in holy horror at the impending collapse of morals and religion.

But cinemaphobia is not confined to these extremists. In a somewhat milder form it is particularly prone to attack our intellectuals, especially those who pursue the calling of critics. It may almost be said to be indigenous to Kultur. Like the gout, it serves as a symbol of polite superiority, and accordingly whosoever would have it known that he is not of the common herd develops a spleen against the Hollywood movies.

In his cultivated way, the victim says the nastiest sort of things about them. They are vulgar, meretricious, puerile, born of stupidity, levelled to the mentality of morons—in short, altogether unworthy of genteel attention. Nevertheless,—and this is one of the peculiarities of his affliction—he continues to give them his attention. Indeed, he appears actually unable to let them alone, despite the pain they give him.

To be sure, one should not smile at the afflictions of others.

## CLOSE UP

But these cinemaphobiacs sometimes remind me of the behavior of my otherwise intelligent bull terrier when an old junk man passes by in his cart. For some unexplainable reason he takes it into his head that he is being insulted, personally and designedly insulted, and forthwith his adrenal glands are stimulated and he barks himself sick in rabid protest.

It would seem as though there should be some way in which these sensitive souls who are so upset by the movies could be convinced that the movies are not intended for them; that they are made solely and explicitly for the crowd, for the common people, the proletariat, the bourgeoisie, for Papa and Mama Snooks and the little Snookses. The Hollywood producers have never had any thought of turning out pictures for the intelligentsia. They have not the slightest animosity toward them. They do not even ask nor expect them to come to the theatres. In truth, they scarcely know who or what they are; they have not the remotest interest in them, and nothing is farther from their intentions than to insult them or worry them.

Nevertheless, they insist upon being insulted and worried. Of their own free will they attend the cinemas and permit themselves to see things there that revolt their intelligence and their artistic sensibilities. It appears never to occur to them that they are no more obliged thus to torture themselves than they are to go to Coney Island or Luna Park and there gobble hot dogs and crackerjack, when they know that such things make them ill.

If they would consciously realize that the blame is theirs for indulging in a dissipation alien to their tastes and



## CLOSE UP

breeding, much clamor would be averted. But they will not do this. Neither will they muster sufficient will power to let the movies alone. They will actually stand in line for a ticket. The movies have a peculiar lure for them. They detest them, along with the Yahoos and the muttonheads who frankly enjoy them, yet they cannot keep away from them. Indeed, one is sometimes led to suspect that their denunciation of motion pictures is but a defense mechanism designed to protect their patrician *amour-propre* against the secret pleasure they derive from this popular plebian form of entertainment.

In an effort to explain the success and the popularity of the movies, and at the same time justify their personal attitude in the matter, they declare that the general public patronizes the pictures, not because it likes them, but because it must find amusement and diversion somewhere, and the movies, unworthy and unsatisfying as they are, offer the only opportunity. In the back of their heads, of course, they know this is only talk. They do not for a moment believe it. Their own admitted superior intelligence at once convicts them. They are perfectly well aware that with automobiles and radio and phonographs and dance halls and baseball and a plethora of cheap literature the common people have plenty to divert them aside from the cinema.

And they know, too, that if the movies did not satisfy the crowds they would simply refuse to patronize them—in which respect they are measurably more sensible than their intellectual betters. The people may not know what they want, but they most assuredly know what they do not want, and make no bones about rejecting it, as many a showman has

## CLOSE UP

learned to his grief. That they continue, therefore, to flock to the pictures and incidentally support a score of movie fan magazines, to make no mention of the daily writing of tens of thousands of fan letters to their favorite actors, is unanswerable evidence that the cinema fare they are receiving meets in the main with their approval.

To contend that they would respond with equal interest to better pictures is merely to raise a fog. For what are better pictures? The critics themselves are the last persons who can be brought into agreement on this score. One of them will declare that *Sunrise* is an exceptional production, an oasis in the cinema desert, a striking example of a better picture; while at the same time another will dismiss it as claptrap and put forward *In Old Arizona* or *The Last Command* as an illustration of what a real picture should be; whereupon a third brother, turning up his finical nose at all such rubbish, will assure the world that until Hollywood can put out another *Sorrell and Son* it might as well quit making pictures.

There is simply no satisfying these *ciné frondeurs*, these chronic malcontents. They do not want to be satisfied. Why have a phobia if it cannot be nourished?

In the final analysis we discover that what actually underlies the cinemaphobia of our intellectuals, is not so much the movies themselves as the source of their being. Hollywood is the *bête noire*. Like Nazareth of old, no good thing can possibly come out of it. It is without tradition, without antecedents, without culture; a bounder, an upstart in the sacred realm of art; impudent and profane.

On the other hand, a motion picture from Berlin, from Moscow, from Budapest, whatever its lack as compared with



## CLOSE UP

a Hollywood product, is assured of sympathetic reception by the American movie scorer. It is invested with an implication of excellence, of artistry, of *savoir vivre*. That is Europe. But Hollywood—tut, tut!

Hollywood is a phenomenon. A few years ago an unmapped community of bungalows scattered amid orange and lemon groves, it to-day outranks in notoriety and popular influence any other spot on the globe. A city sprung from an Aladdin's lamp; fantastically rich and glamorous, inhabited by peris and houris and imperious Midases—transformed shopgirls and nonentities elevated to dazzling fame and fortune. Such is the airy picture of it.

No wonder it disturbs the worshiper of tradition. He is quite incapable of appraising it in its relation to the established order. Like the medieval priest confronted with a prodigy of nature, he instinctively regards it in his bewilderment as an intrusion upon the fixed proprieties of the universe, and seeks to cover his disquietude with noisy objurgations.

Fortunately for Hollywood, however, and the many millions who look to it for diversion and enjoyment, the fulminations of its critics resolve themselves into mere wind. A review of its achievements, from the crude "flickers" of its early days to the elaborate productions of to-day, offers scant satisfaction to those who at first contemptuously ignored it and later sought to belittle its accomplishments with ridicule and detraction.

Hollywood knows its business. It has made a bouncing success of it. So bouncing, in truth, and so glittering, that we are sometimes tempted to believe that much of the disparagement directed against it is inspired by envy. The

## CLOSE UP

established centers of European art and culture, each of which in the beginning of film history had the same opportunity as Hollywood, if not even far greater opportunity, have been signally outstripped by this aggressive upstart of the Pacific coast with its Yankee genius for sensing the taste of the public and giving the world what it wants.

And now and again, while Europe has looked on agape and scornful at the talking film, Hollywood has discerned the signs of the times, has set industriously to work, and with characteristic confidence has staked its whole existence on the new order of cinema creation. That there should follow a fresh outbreak of alarm and protest from puritan and purist is quite to be expected. Hollywood merely making motions was disturbing enough; but that this forward creature should now have a tongue, presents truly a most serious situation for those who feel themselves entrusted with the guardianship of traditions and proprieties.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.



## COMMENT AND REVIEW

### FILMS IN HISTORY.—No. 2.

*Federicus Rex*—Directed by A. V. Czerepy.

"An extremely notable German absentee is *Federicus Rex*, which must have been made nearly ten years ago, but, nevertheless, is described by those qualified to judge as undoubtably the most impressive film yet produced".

Thus wrote the *Sunday Express*, on October the 3rd, 1927, when conducting an inquiry concerning the legion of lost films.

"Those qualified to judge" for once knew what they were judging about! The execution scene is as impressive as some of the best modern Russian stuff; so that, allowing for the year of production, we have a film worthy to rank in our cinematographic history.

There is no disfigurement of Gosta-Berlingish morality so often found in costume pictures. The tale is of a tyrant who delights more in seeing his soldiers do the goose-step than in turning Jenny Hasselquistes into Swedish snow: a part that is never overplayed. When a deputation of

## CLOSE UP

generals wait for the Emperor with threatened resignations, if he persists in exacting the extreme penalty of the law from his own son, the actor behaves like a human being by accepting the situation. The tale of a despot who enjoys a sensation of power by supervising machines yet experiences only transitory satisfaction because he cannot rule non-goose-steppers (human beings).

The goose-step . . . Halt . . . Take that man to Castle Curstin for court-martial, the fifth button on his tunic has not been polished . . . Three-cornered hats must be doft three times, while intrigues are encouraged by the architecture as much as gestures by the clothes . . . Key-holes (mix), shaped like ears, must be listened at: enormous caskets stuffed with secret documents must be broken into.

A grand film, a film to be seen.

There is mental conflict behind the pageantry. The son of the Emperor wants to play the flute; none of the exaggeration of Hollywood's aspiring playwright who wants to leave an enriched posterity, of poet pining to storm the intelligentsia (and get into *transition!*), but a simple boy who wants to play ephemeral tunes on the flute . . . Soldiers cannot goose-step to the flute, but Mr. Czerepy does not let the son win a competition for flutists at Atlantic City, instead he allows the martinet to be true to life.

This film, revived to-day, would make many old-timers cry, "There you are, I told you so; those were the grand days for FILMS". As far as Germany is concerned they were.

OSWELL BLAKESTON.



## BROADWAY

Stop that parrot crying, "You haven't seen anything yet, folks."

Director Paul Fejos built a camera crane that can travel 600 feet a minute on a horizontal plane, and is capable of every possible position and cost Uncle Carl Laemmle \$15,000. This little treasure operated in a set 70 feet high and a city block wide and deep—I mean if *Photoplay* says so, it is so! And the name of the picture, folks, is *Broadway*!

Now you will want to see *Broadway*, won't you, after all that? It is a hundred per cent. talkie too, you can hear Glenn Tryon telling Myrna Kennedy to remember "her dear old, silver-haired mother"; but Myrna does not pay any more attention to it than you do! She just acts crazy, that girl! After Uncle Laemmle had gone to the expense of colouring the last song and dance (what dire things colour did to the young man's face!) you can imagine that there was little left to buy intelligence!

The night clubs in *Broadway* are, as one of the characters remarks, shooting galleries. Men are shot in the back and in the stomach, and then there is a rest for supper. Detectives talk in slow, drawling voices, they are so conscious of the *drama* in their lives.

Little chorus girl is, although it may sound silly, "not that sort of a girl"; and the villain is, although he may look silly, "that sort of a boy". And have chorus girls got legs, Mr. Carl Laemmle, Jr.? Or did Louella Parsons ask you that in the last interview?

O.B.

## CLOSE UP

### A BIG BOY'S BIG SCHEME.

Mr. J. D. Williams announces a £1,000,000 scheme for building new studios near Elstree, and Mr. Williams (or *Jaydee* as he is known to his fellow magnates) means **SOUND STUDIOS**. He says:—

“Imagine a great talking film studio where, immediately after an English spoken talking feature has been made, it is able to offer its sets for the immediate shooting of the same film in every Continental language. Thus, immediately the English version is through, contingents of players and directors from each European country can take over the same sets, and shoot the same picture in their own language in record time.”

But reader, gentle reader, do you understand what this means to you? Instead of seeing Falconetti in the title rôle of Carl Dreyer's film you might see Alma Taylor, or possibly Ivy Duke might play Baranowskaja's part in *Mother*!

If ever Mr. *Jaydee's* scheme matures I can see back numbers of *Close-Up* selling for a king's ransom at Christies.

O.B.

### TWO TITLES TO REMEMBER

It is dangerous to speak of films still in production but a film directed by L. Moholy-Nagy is almost certain to be a film of exceptional interest. The author of *Malerie*



## CLOSE UP

*Fotografie Film* who has been responsible for so many "advanced" studies in still photography is busy on *The Isle Of Hope*, a story of man and the ocean, which is being shot on the coast of Brittany.

Another new film, *Washerwoman*, is the German-made feature for Baranowskaja; but it is not generally known that Valeska Gert is in the cast.

O.B.

## RECENT TRADE SHOW

Wilhelm Thiele directed Nikolai Kolin, Gustav Fröhlich and Natalie Lissenko in *Hurrah, I'm Alive!* If the title refers to the director or any of the artistes we cannot share the pleasure: if it refers to the silent film we can only say that it has never been more dead.

O.B.

## DARTMOOR

A sequence in Anthony Asquith's new film, *Dartmoor*, which he is now cutting, was written to be played in the following way:—two lovers are in a cinema: the third member of the triangle takes a seat behind them, and observes nothing of the performance in watching them with

## CLOSE UP

accumulating jealousy. In order not to have to take a film to show on the screen, the expressions on the faces of the lovers were cut in with flashes of the orchestra working up to the climax of a chase sequence, so that the type and tempo of the picture can be deduced. This cutting was to be in a gradually shortening rhythm.

Asquith, however, realised that this lent itself especially to talk-film technique, and he is going to write part of a talkie, which the lovers will be 'hearing and seeing': no scenes of this will be taken, however, the dialogue will merely counterpoint the main action. This is an extension of an obvious trick, but someone had to work it out.

R.B.

## GEMS FROM THE REPORT OF THE BRITISH BOARD OF FILM CENSORS.

### REASONS FOR EXCEPTION BEING TAKEN TO CERTAIN PRODUCTIONS.

1. "Reflection on Wife of responsible British official stationed in the East."
2. "Police firing on defenceless populace."  
Such things, of course, are never done. Not even on May Day.
3. "Incidents which convey false and derogatory impressions of the Police Force in this country."

We remember the Goddard case . . . .



## CLOSE UP

4. "Intimate biological studies unsuitable for general exhibition."

Cosmos!

5. "Unseemly display of a woman's undergarments."

Now, what constitutes the difference between a seemly and an unseemly display of undergarments?

6. "Crude Immorality."

They prefer the refined sort.

7. "Women in alluring and provocative attitudes."

Ah!

8. "Men and Women in bed together."

Disgusting!

9. "Inflammatory sub-titles and political propaganda."

But not *The Red Dancer*.

This report of the Censors should rank with the best of our comic literature. Consider the following extract, dealing with the "talkies":—"There has been no mechanical difficulty in effecting this (deletion) hitherto, parts to which exception is taken being simply cut out; but when the acting is synchronised with dialogue or music, to delete even a foot upsets the continuity of the whole of the reel".

Whereas, of course, to delete scenes from a silent film like *Jeanne Ney* does not upset the continuity at all. You "simply" cut out what you don't like, and nobody is any the worse!

When will this farce be ended?

A.W.

## CLOSE UP

### PARIS NOTES

From the 2nd to the 7th September, 1929, will be held in Switzerland at the Chateau de la Sarraz (property of Madame de Mandrot, and thanks to her hospitality) an International Congress of Independent Cinematography.

The objects of the Congress are as follows:—

To establish a permanent alliance between the independent groups (cinemas, *salles spécialisées*) to effect the interchange of independent films existing in various countries. Creation of groups and *salles*.

To prepare the organisation of an International Production Co-operation, able to produce independent films according to the directives of an international commission.

Such are the bare details of this Congress, of which the consequences could be enormous for the future of the independent cinema in Europe, and which would bring together some scores of the most noteworthy personalities of the young International Cinema.

It is the *Nouvelle Revue Française* which has taken this initiative, and it is to be hoped that this congress will be of greater import than the multiple congresses which have latterly taken place, and which were distinguished only by more or less interesting discussions, but which never arrived at any result of practical value.

\* \* \*

I had the occasion to run into Jean Renoir recently, while he was playing opposite Catherine Hessling under the direction of Cavalcanti. Renoir told me of his misfortunes



## CLOSE UP

with his film *Le Tournoi*, of which the montage was completely changed, to such an extent, indeed, that Jean Renoir did not wish to be known as the author of the film which circulated with his name as director. I perform a duty in reporting his griefs, the more so as I have criticised his film in *Close Up*, without knowing what I have just learnt. Under such conditions the exercise of one's *metier* as critic is somewhat difficult, for if one feels obliged to be severe toward a film, one now must hesitate for fear of doing a wrong to a director who is innocent of the jumble that is presented to you.

It seems to me useless to go on lamenting much more about this wretched and disagreeable business of cutting, of changes which the author himself does not know the importance of to the very day of the presentation, for the talking film does not permit such sabotage. You see, I am not without reason in saying that the coming of the sound film and talking film is salutary for the cinema.

\* \* \*

Now, this still: the law of events probably willed it: several misprints slipped into my last article. One must naturally say—I am of the opinion that Pabst *did not* say that to give me pleasure, for if the contrary had been my opinion I would have attached no importance to what Pabst had said.

Later, in the *Semaine du Cinéma Français*, read—that 98 per cent. of French directors *should* be obliged to seek another trade, for unfortunately this decision was not yet made, as I had the air of pretending in this article.

J. LENAUER.

## CLOSE UP

### ENCORE LE CINEMA FRANCAIS.

Mr. Lenauer, dans sa petite mise au point publiée dans le précédent numéro de *Close Up*, explique pourquoi il est si profondément déçu par la valeur actuelle des films français, qui ne répond pas du tout à ce qu'il s'était imaginé. " Qui aime bien châtie bien ", c'est entendu, mais de là à enterrer définitivement, il y a, me semble-t-il, une nuance qui n'échappera à personne.

Je n'ai point voulu, dans ma précédente réplique, innocenter le moins du monde le cinéma français; je n'ai fait en somme, par souci d'impartialité, que relever l'étroite parenté qui existait entre les films français, allemands, anglais ou américains, au point de vue des possibilités artistiques. Or ces possibilités là sont quasi nulles dans TOUTE ENTREPRISE COMMERCIALE où l'on ne recherche avant tout qu'à clôturer un exercice avec profit. Et pour cela on s'est imaginé, un peu partout, qu'il ne suffisait que de suivre les goûts du public. Peut-être verrons-nous une réaction se dessiner à cet égard, mais, pour le moment, nous ne pouvons repérer aucun signe avant-coureur.

Qu'il y ait une sensible différence de valeur entre la littérature et le film français, cela n'est pas douteux, mais il incombe précisément aux jeunes de canaliser leur inspiration dans l'expression cinégraphique. Si quelques-uns seulement l'ont essayé jusqu'ici, c'est sans doute en raison des difficultés que présentait un début dans une telle carrière. Le monde artistique français est toujours très divisé, comment pourrait-il en être autrement lorsque les individus qui le



## CLOSE UP

composent sont personnels et soucieux avant tout d'indépendance. Si chacun pouvait tourner les films qu'il entend, dans un studio commun, et que toute liberté soit laissée au metteur en scène, la production cinématographique s'enrichirait d'un certain nombre d'oeuvres de valeur. Il est des associations dans presque toutes les branches artistiques, pourquoi n'en formerait-on point entre cinéphiles, scénaristes, metteurs en scène et acteurs? De tels groupements permettraient de construire un studio, d'acquérir le matériel nécessaire, en un mot de frayer le chemin au cinéma intellectuel. Si l'on prenait des initiatives semblables, en France, et il n'est pas dit que l'on ne s'y décide un jour, je suis certain que le génie latin s'affirmerait alors par l'image aussi bien qu'il le fait en littérature, peinture, etc. Un mouvement, il ne suffit que de cela pour que Mr. Lenauer ait à exhumer un cadavre en fort bonne santé.

F. CHEVALLEY.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Trop Près des Etoiles.* By René Guetta, Librairie Plon, 8, rue Garancière, Paris.

This book is simply a document, without pretension, and written I believe, by a man who has no connection with the cinema. But after the rather superficial opening chapters, one discovers a number of very just criticisms, the more notable because they are written with a complete absence of a

## CLOSE UP

desire to instruct, which is so fashionable at the moment. I liked, for instance, the chapter in which M. Guetta states (though we ourselves doubt just a little) that the "stars" live a serious life, ordered entirely by their work and that the Hollywood "orgies" of which the fan papers are full, are only the invention of journalists void of better ideas with which to fill the magazines.

And it is delightful of this author to insist on every occasion, that above all the cinema demands laborious work and that those who derive glory and profit from it, work hard at their trade. It is a pleasure to find that the stupid legend of the fairy-like life of the stars is destroyed again, for one can never repeat often enough that the people who are so much envied, have worked longer and more arduously, often enough, than those who watch them in the cinema.

In a judicious comparison M. Guetta endeavours to find the reason for the inferiority of the French film beside the American product. It is good, but he is mistaken when he says, "the technical methods are still so insufficient that the word is really pretentious and the trade still very young." It is possible that the word is pretentious and as far as I am concerned, it is completely indifferent to me, whether the cinema is an art or not. I for myself feel it is more, it is a world. As for the trade, "still so young" I think that M. Guetta is on a false track. On the contrary the cinema has rather too much craft and not enough youth; but the author writes immediately afterwards of sound films and talkies, reproaching his compatriots with their lack of understanding for this renewal. And he himself gives an answer to "the trade's youth." No one can honestly doubt



to-day the new possibilities of talkies and sound films and it can be said that the arrival of these films was necessary to save the cinema from the danger of becoming sterile or of growing old.

J.L.

### HOLLYWOOD NOTES

At the same time that Hollywood handed Emil Jannings his hat it also handed him the highest honor within its gift, the annual award of merit bestowed by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the most notable screen work during the year. It was Jannings' performance in *The Way of All Flesh* that won him this distinction. That Hollywood should at the same time have bowed him out and shown him the way back to Germany, is but typical of the new regime. The inarticulate actor, whatever his achievements, has been relegated to the limbo of cinema relics.

Fortunately for the sake of history, *Nanook of the North* and *Moana* were filmed before the advent of the talkies. What was to have been a sister picture to these two classics, done by the same director, Robert Flaherty, has been definitely shelved. This was a film record of the tribal life of the Hopi Indians of New Mexico, one of the most picturesque and interesting of the remaining Indian tribes. After months spent among them by Flaherty and his

## CLOSE UP

cameraman, Leon Shamroy, and the securing of several thousand feet of film, the enterprise was called off by the Fox Company, under whose auspices it was undertaken, and the film has been consigned to the graveyard of silent pictures.

\* \* \*

Back of the initial eagerness and determination to satisfy the popular clamor for talking pictures lies the encouraging revelation that producers are realizing at least thirty per cent. greater profit on the talkies than they did on the silent pictures. It was at first feared that the enormous sums required for new equipment, as well as the additional expenses incidental to the producing of phonofilms, would entail a decrease in profits. That the reverse should be proving true is not only gratifying to the Hollywood adventurers, but is also making all the more certain the permanency of the audible cinema and the eventual complete extinction of the silent film.

\* \* \*

*Broadway Melody*, M-G-M's first sound picture, has been showing twice daily to capacity audiences at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, since February first. At the present writing the attendance figures total nearly five hundred thousand. This is cited as typical, not only of the popularity of singing and talking films, but also of Hollywood's interest in its own product.

\* \* \*

Having completed his fiasco as director of Gloria Swanson's ill-fated *Queen Kelly*, Eric von Stroheim is about to make his debut as an actor in a talking film. This is *The Great*



## CLOSE UP

*Gabbo*, directed by James Cruze. Not in fifteen years has Von Stroheim appeared in a picture directed by anyone other than himself.

The Technicolor Company are producing a series of two-reel pictures under the general title of "Great Events." Each of them has for its subject some dramatic, colorful moment of history. The two so far completed, and released under the M-G-M banner, are *Madame DuBarry* and *Manchu Love*. The third, now in production, is *Light of India*.

The talkies are making possible a new form of cinema publicity by means of radio. The Fox Company recently inaugurated this new method of picture advertising by broadcasting one of their musical films directly from the theatre in which it was showing. The success of this venture has prompted other companies to follow suit, and radio programs will soon include these film broadcastings as regular features. Experience in the broadcasting of grand opera, symphony concerts, prize fights, baseball games, and the like, has demonstrated that this transmission of entertainment free of cost to radio listeners is no detriment to patronage, but, on the contrary, appears to stimulate it by inspiring public attention and interest.

*Trader Horn*, now being filmed in Africa by M-G-M under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, will have as a prelude a short talk by Trader Horn himself. This unique and picturesque personality was recently a visitor to Hollywood and was induced to pose and talk for the picture.

## CLOSE UP

John Barrymore's singing voice will be heard in his initial vitaphone production for Warner Brothers, *General Crack*. The story, adapted from a novel by George Preedy, depicts the loves and battles of a youth born of a gypsy princess and a nobleman, and promises to afford Barrymore an ideal vehicle for his finished stagecraft.

\* \* \*

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, has signed a contract with the Fox Company for a series of talking and singing pictures. In furtherance of this he has cancelled his concert tour and will begin work on his first picture some time in August. The preliminary scenes will be made in Ireland, where he now is, and later he will come to Hollywood, to complete the film. The scenario is being written directly for him by Tom Barry, the American playwright and author of the phonofilm version of *In Old Arizona*.

\* \* \*

With the selection of Winifred Westover, the former wife of Bill Hart, as the title character in the phonofilm adaptation of Fanny Hurst's *Lummo*, Herbert Brenon is now in the midst of his work as director of the picture. Miss Hurst is herself in Hollywood, supervising the production at the United Artists studio.

\* \* \*

Phonofilm shots of the London water front will be incorporated in Paramount's forthcoming picture, *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu*. The melodrama, by Sax Rohmer, has its locale in the Limehouse district, and dramatic color will be given the film by the bellow of fog horns, the shrill whine of police-boat sirens, the whistles of freight barges, and all



## CLOSE UP

the rest of the sounds—even to the lapping of the murky waters—characteristic of the Thames and its multifarious activities.

\* \* \*

Among the popular silent films scheduled for revival on the talking screen are *Huckleberry Finn*, with Jackie Coogan in the title rôle, *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, with Will Rogers, and *Humoresque*, in which it is rumored that Jascha Heifitz, now the husband of Florenc Vidor, will enact the leading rôle—that of a Jewish boy who rises from obscurity to become a world-famous violinist.

C.H.

NOUVELLE EQUIPE, 3<sup>e</sup> année, n<sup>o</sup> 2, Printemps 1929 (1<sup>er</sup> numéro : 10 fr. ; 152 pp.). *Rédaction et Administration* : 29, rue Nestor de Tière, Bruxelles.

Sommaire : STANISLAS FUMET, *La Récompense de l'Ouvrier*. — ROBERT GUIETTE, *Communion*. — DENYS LE CHARTREUX, *De Fonte Lucis ac Semitis Vitae* (fragments traduits du latin par E. LECLEF). — RAOUL HAUTIER, *Vers l'Ange sans Visage*. — PAUL WERRIE, *Le Cinéma soviétique*. — YVAN LENAIN, *Fil d'Ariane*. — SIMON DE CYRENE, *Notes de Vie*. — JAN MILO, *Poème*. — JACQUES CROKAERT, *La Guerre et la Paix*. — ROBERT GUIETTE, *L'Homme de Cour*. — GEORGES SCHELSTRAETE, *Nékaël sait pleurer*. — L. MOUREAU, *En marge de la Crise d'un Régime*.

## CLOSE UP

**LA VIE INTERNATIONALE:** MARCEL LALOIRE, Vers les Etats-Unis d'Europe? — **LA VIE ECONOMIQUE:** GEORGES TELLERMAN, La Concentration industrielle — **LES DISQUES,** par ROBERT SEBASTIEN. — **LE CINEMATOGRAFH,** par PAUL WERRIE. — **REVUE DES REVUES:** LEON MOUREAU, Reflexions politiques et sociales de Paul Claudel. — **BIBLIOGRAPHIE.** — **HORS-TEXTE:** Un Lino de Pierre Flouquet; 6 reproductions.

## BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS IN ALL LANGUAGES

**A. ZWEMMER**

**78 CHARING CROSS ROAD**  
**LONDON, W.C.2**

'Phone: GERRARD 4710



# The Avenue Pavilion

101 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1

A GAUMONT-BRITISH THEATRE

The Home of International Film Art.

Joint Managing Directors : { REGINALD BROMHEAD.  
WILLIAM EVANS.

Manager - - - WILLIAM BAUDAINS.

Director of Music - - ARTHUR DULAY.

Under the Direction of STUART DAVIS.

---

*The following attractions will be presented exclusive to this theatre :*

## TWO BROTHERS

Featuring Conrad Veidt and Lil Dagover. Directed by Carl Grune.

## ANNA CHRISTIE

From the novel and the play.

## MANON LESCAUT

Featuring Lya de Putti. Adapted from the famous and tragical romance by the Abbé Prevost.  
Directed by Dr. Arthur Robison.

## SALOME

With Nazimova.

## FOOLISH WIVES

An Eric von Stroheim production.

## MARTIN LUTHER

The Life of the Great Reformer. With Eugene Klopfer.

## THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

The Immortal Classic.

BUSES TO THE DOOR :—Nos. 1a, 1c, 14, 14a, 19c, 19d, 22, 24, 29, 29a, 29b, 29c, 38, 39, 48, 129, 138.

In view of the fact that Dates of forthcoming attractions are often unavoidably subject to alteration, the Management respectfully request patrons to be guided finally by the advertisements in the following newspapers :—*Times, Daily Telegraph, Morning Post, Daily Express, Daily News, Evening News, Star, and Standard.*

Continuous Performances DAILY, commencing at 2 p.m. till 11 p.m. SUNDAYS 6—11

Each session lasts three hours, thereby making 3 sessions per day, viz :—

2 till 5

5 till 8

8 till 11

MATINEES recommended for choice of comfortable seats.

*A Young Society*

# NEOFILM

groups young producers under  
the artistic and technical direction  
of ALBERTO CAVALCANTI who  
directed the 3 first Neofilm  
productions

## RIEN QUE LES HEURES EN RADE YVETTE

---

ANDRE GIDE and MARC ALLEGRETS  
Travel Picture

### Voyage au Congo

*is a Neofilm Production*



# THE DIAL

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF ART AND LITERATURE

FOUNDED 1880

BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE

EDITOR : MARIANNE MOORE

ADVISER : SCOFIELD THAYER

*Among recent contributors are :*

CONRAD AIKEN  
W. C. BLUM  
KENNETH BURKE  
PADRAIC COLUM  
E. E. CUMMINGS  
T. S. ELIOT  
ROGER FRY  
MAXIM GORKI  
ALYSE GREGORY  
GASTON LACHAISE  
THOMAS MANN  
HENRY McBRIDE

PAUL MORAND  
RAYMOND MORTIMER  
JULES PASCIN  
PABLO PICASSO  
EZRA POUND  
BERTRAND RUSSELL  
GEORGE SAINTSBURY  
BORIS DE SCHLOEZER  
CARL SPRINCHORN  
PAUL VALERY  
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS  
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

*" . . . often full of very interesting things, and is so well printed,  
and makes for good all round."*

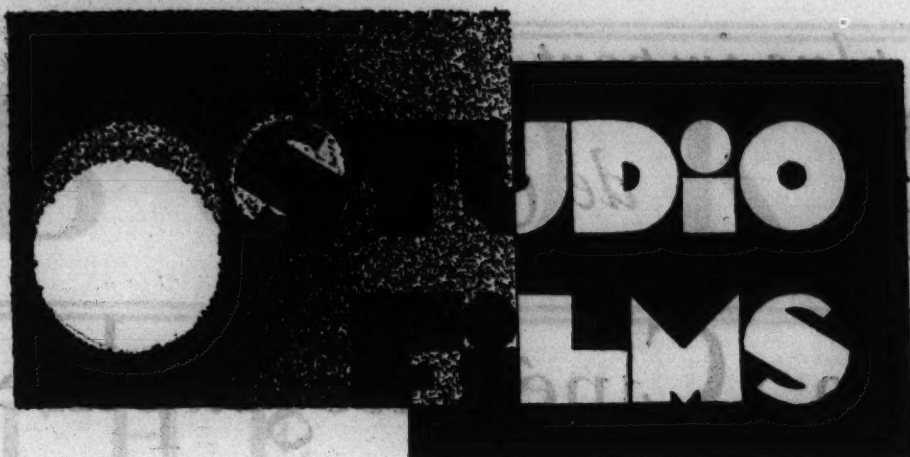
The Mask, July 1925

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS

(Foreign postage 60 cents additional)

*Address :*

152 WEST 13th STREET NEW YORK



53 Rue St. Roch · PARIS

TEL : GUTENBERG 35-88

*Has the World Distribution of:*

EN RADE—RIEN QUE LES HEURES—LA P'TITE LILY,  
By A. CAVALCANTI.  
LA ZONE, By G. LACOMBE.  
L' ETOILE DE MER—EMAK BAKIA, By MAN RAY.  
ERNEST ET AMELIE, By J DE CASEMBROOT.  
LA COQUILLE ET LE CLERGYMAN, By G. DULAC.  
LA FILLE DE L'EAU, By J. RENOIR.  
BRUMES D'AUTOMNE, By D. KIRSANOFF.  
RYTHMES D' UNE CATHEDRALE, By I. LANDAU.  
LA BALLADE DU CANART, By A. SILKA.  
LES TROGLODYTES, By M. ALLEGRET.  
PARIS EXPRESS, By DUHAMEL.  
I DO LOVE TO BE BESIDE THE SEA SIDE, By O.  
BLAKESTON.  
BITHULITE, By P. SICHEL.  
VUE HEUREUSE, By C. HEYMAN.  
PARTIE DE CAMPAGNE, By A. STRASSER.  
LA MARCHÉ DES MACHINES—LES NUITS ELECTRIQUES-  
PARNASSE, By EUGENE DESLAW.  
VOYAGE AU CONGO, By ANDRE GIDE AND MARC  
ALLEGRET.  
SO THIS IS MARSEILLE, By CLAUDE LAMBERT.



*La plus importante revue française  
de Cinéma*

# La Cinématographie Française

CHAQUE SEMAINE TOUTES LES NOUVELLES DU CINÉMA

---

Films en Préparation

Analyses des Nouveaux Films

Chronique de L'Exploitation

Chronique Financière

---

LES PROGRÈS DE LA TECHNIQUE

LES NOUVELLES INVENTIONS

*Nouvelles d'Angleterre, Amérique, Allemagne, Espagne, Italie*

DIRECTEUR RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF: P.-A. HARLÉ

19 RUE DE LA COUR DES NOUES PARIS (20<sup>e</sup>)

Telephone : Roq. 04-24

# BOOKS

## THE STOCK

A bookseller's reputation is founded upon his stock of books. The stock at John and Edward Bumpus, Ltd., covers all tastes and interests, except those which are highly technical, and contains every variety of book from pamphlets and cheap reprints to scarce first editions and the magnificent work of private presses. The address is 350, Oxford Street, W.1., and the telephone number is Mayfair 1223.

# BUMPUS



# Miller & Gill (1924) Ltd.

94 CHARING CROSS ROAD  
LONDON———W.C.2

---

---

FOR ALL THE  
BEST BOOKS

---

---

BOOKS ON THE THEATRE,  
PLAYS, LATEST REPRINTS

ALL THE POOL PUBLICATIONS  
IN STOCK

ANY BOOK CAN BE SUPPLIED  
ON DAY OF PUBLICATION

TELEPHONE : GERRARD 8444

# DU CINEMA

ROBERT ARON - - - - MANAGING EDITOR  
JEAN GEORGE AURIOL - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

*Revue intellectuelle, elle  
s'annonce comme la seule  
désormais "lisible" des  
revues de cinéma*

LEON MOUSSINAC

*The group of young men  
who write in DU CINEMA  
constitutes the genuine flower  
of cinéma criticism in France*

RENÉ CLAIR

*Every issue contains  
the already famous heads:*

## MORALS AND THE MOVIES

BY JEAN GEORGE AURIOL AND BERNARD BRUNIUS

LOST FILMS REVIEW BY ANDRÉ DELONS

WHAT DID YOU LEARN FROM THE MOVIES?

30 unknown photographs and work by

MICHEL J. ARNAUD, J. BOUISSOUNOUSE, LOUIS CHAVANCE, RENÉ CLAIR,  
ROBERT DESNOS, PAUL GILSON, ANDRÉ R. MAUGÉ, HARRY A. POTAMKIN,  
V. POUDOVKINE, MAN RAY, ANDRÉ SAUVAGE, JOSEPH VON STERNBERG,  
PHILIPPE SOUPAULT.

Subscriptions (6 issues)	{	France - - - -	Frs: 35
		Belgium, Germany, Switzerland	„ 45
		Great Britain, America -	„ 70

*Single Copies : 8 French Francs*

Librairie GALLIMARD PARIS  
3 Rue de Grenelle (6<sup>e</sup>) *n r f*

Rédaction et dépôt  
Librairie J. CORTI  
6 Rue de Clichy (9<sup>e</sup>)



**HENDERSONS**

**SELL**

**BOOKS**

**OF A**

**THOUGHTFUL AND**

**SPECIAL KIND**

**LONDON: SIXTY-SIX**

**CHARING CROSS ROAD**

# FILM PROBLEMS of SOVIET RUSSIA

By Bryher

A profound and earnest study of the conditions governing the making of films in the U.S.S.R., containing a wealth of up-to-date information, criticism, comment and comparison. To those who, in the midst of controversies for and against Russian films, have wondered what *are* Russian films, this is the answer. Reasoned and detached, all information comes either from the directors themselves, or from responsible sources in the U.S.S.R.

## WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

"A book of topical importance."—*Morning Post*

"Particularly good chapters on sociological and educational films."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"Avaluable survey, admirably illustrated."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"A book for everyone really interested in the cinema as an art."—*Dundee Evening Telegraph*.

"Every man and woman who has faith in the future of the cinema should be grateful."—*Film Weekly*.

**PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.**

Postage Sixpence

**POOL, 24, DEVONSHIRE STREET, LONDON, W.C.1**



# BOUND VOLUMES OF *CLOSE UP*

*All volumes are still obtainable at the following prices :*

Vol. 1. (July-December, 1927) Price 25 Shillings

Vol. 2. (January-June, 1928) increased to 15 Shillings

Only a very limited number of the above two volumes are obtainable.

Vol. 3. (July-December, 1928) Price 10 Shillings and 6 Pence

Vol. 4. (January-June, 1929) Price 10 Shillings and 6 Pence

Postage is 6 Pence.

Bound volumes of *Close Up* are collectors' books, and should be in the possession of all followers of the cinema. With much that is exclusive and unobtainable elsewhere, they will be undoubtedly of the greatest value as

## REFERENCE BOOKS FOR THE FUTURE

as well as for the present. The theory and analysis constitutes the most valuable documentation of cinematographic development that has yet been made.

*Close Up* makes rapid progress every month. The demand for earlier numbers is enormous. When they are sold their value will be trebled. To buy a volume is an investment which you will be wise to make.

Order from—

**POOL**, 24, Devonshire St, London, W.C.1

CLOSE UP

Impressed by

**THE MERCURY PRESS LTD.**

**LONDON**

Tel.: Central 5316-7

**ILFORD**

Tel.: Ilford 2018-9

**CHELMSFORD**

Tel.: Chelmsford 516

**ENGLAND**

**1929**



# BOUND VOLUMES OF CLOSE UP

All volumes are still obtainable at the following prices:

Vol. 1. (July-December, 1927) Price 25 Shillings

Vol. 2. (January-June, 1928) Price 15 Shillings

THE MERCURY PRESS LTD.  
LONDON  
CHICHESTER

Vol. 3. (July-December, 1928) Price 10 Shillings and 6 Pence

Vol. 4. (January-June, 1929) Price 10 Shillings and 6 Pence

Price is 8 Pence.

Bound volumes of *Close Up* are collectors' books, and should be in the possession of all followers of the cinema. With much that is exclusive and unobtainable elsewhere, they will be undoubtedly of the greatest value.

## REFERENCE BOOKS FOR THE FUTURE

as well as for the present. The theory and analysis constitutes the most valuable documentation of cinematographic development that has yet been made.

*Close Up* makes rapid progress every month. The demand for earlier numbers is enormous. When they are sold their value will be high. To buy a volume is an investment which you will be glad to make.

Order from

POOL, 4, Devonshire St., London, W.C.1

LE 15 DE CHAQUE MOIS



# "VARIÉTÉS"

Revue Mensuelle Illustrée de L'esprit Contemporain

Directeur : P. G. VAN HECKE

DEUXIÈME ANNÉE

(A PARTIR DU 15 MAI 1929)

Dans chaque numéro :

75 reproductions—nombreux dessins—56 à 64 pages de texte.

des contes, des essais, des poèmes, des reportages, des notes critiques et d'actualité sur la littérature, les arts plastiques, le cinéma, le théâtre, la mode, la musique, la curiosité, etc., par des collaborateurs de premier ordre.

## LES CHRONIQUES ET RUBRIQUES :

<i>Pierre MacOrlan</i>	. . . . .	Tragédies et divertissements populaires.
<i>Henri Van deputte</i>	. . . . .	Habitudes préférées.
<i>Paul Fierens</i>	. . . . .	Des rues et des carrefours (Lettre de Paris).
<i>Denis Marion</i>	. . . . .	Le sentiment critique.
<i>Pierre Courthion</i>	. . . . .	La boîte à surprise (tableau des mœurs artistiques contemporaines).
<i>André Delons</i>	. . . . .	Le cinéma à Paris.
<i>Franz Hellens</i>	. . . . .	Chronique des disques.
<i>Nico Rost</i>	. . . . .	Chroniques de Berlin
<i>Audré de Ridder</i>	. . . . .	L'anthologie esthétique.
<i>P.-G. van Hecke</i>	. . . . .	La peinture.
<i>Gille Anthelme</i>	. . . . .	Les sports.
<i>Bernard Brunius</i>	. . . . .	Inventeurs et Inventions.
<i>Albert Valentin</i>	. . . . .	Le cœur à l'ouvrage.

## UN ROMAN DE :

*Sacher Purnal* . . . . . "Golligwog."

## LA PIÈCE INÉDITE DE :

*FERNAND CROMMELYNCK* . . . . . "TRIPES D'OR."

et

*Des lettres inédites de Paul Léautaud à Paul Valéry, Rachilde, Renny de Gourmont, Marie Laurencin, Marcel Schwab, Valette, Audré Rouveyre, Appolinaire, etc., etc.*

"VARIÉTÉS" publishes every month a number of reproductions from exclusive stills of classic and *avant garde* films, with criticisms by Albert Valentin, Denis Marion and André Delons.

Douze numéros du plus moderne, du plus vivant et du plus complet des magazines pour 100 francs l'an pour la Belgique, 25 belgas pour l'étranger.

Direction-Administration : 11, avenue du Congo, Bruxelles.

Dépôt exclusif à Paris : Librairie José CORTI, rue de Clichy.

Dépôt Général pour la Hollande : N. V. VAN DITMAR, Schiekade, 182, Rotterdam

ET CHEZ TOUS LES BONS LIBRAIRES  
LE 15 DE CHAQUE MOIS

# CLOSE UP

*Editor : K. MACPHERSON*

*Assistant Editor : BRYHER*

*Published by POOL*

RIANT CHATEAU · TERRITET · SWITZERLAND

LONDON OFFICE : 24 DEVONSHIRE ST., W.C.1

---

## *Contents :*

As is . . . . .	KENNETH MACPHERSON
The Negro Actor and the American Movies	GERALDYN DISMOND
Black Shadows . . . . .	ROBERT HERRING
Letter from Walter White	
Letter from Paul Green	
The Aframerican Cinema . . . . .	HARRY A. POTAMKIN
Of Negro Motion Pictures . . . . .	ELMER CARTER
Black Fanfare . . . . .	OSWELL BLAKESTON
London and the Negro Film . . . . .	HAY CHOWL
Elstree's First Talkie . . . . .	HUGH CASTLE
Comment and Review	

---

<i>Paris Correspondents :</i>	{ MARK ALLEGRET JEAN LENAUER
<i>London Correspondent :</i>	ROBERT HERRING
<i>Hollywood Correspondent :</i>	CLIFFORD HOWARD
<i>Berlin Correspondent :</i>	A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ
<i>Geneva Correspondent :</i>	F. CHEVALLEY
<i>Moscow Correspondent :</i>	P. ATTASHEVA

---

## *Subscription Rates :*

ENGLAND . . . . .	14 shillings per year
FRANCE . . . . .	70 francs per year
GERMANY . . . . .	14 marks per year
AMERICA . . . . .	3 dollars and 50 cents per year
SWITZERLAND . . . . .	14 francs per year



# **AGENCE DEBRIE**

23 MORTIMER ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## ***The "JACKY"***

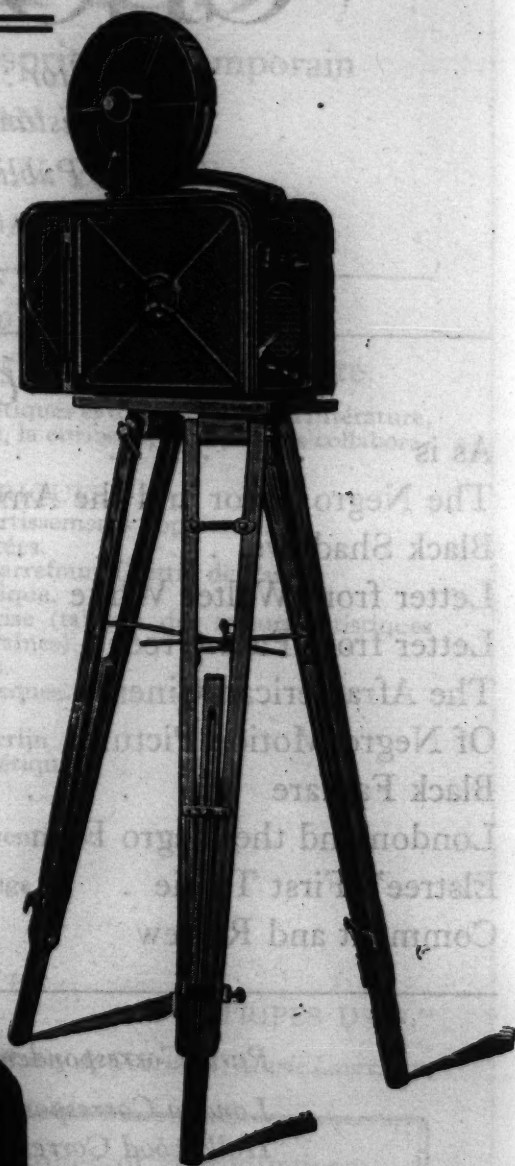
This projector can be stopped for any length of time on one image; and by means of handle projected picture by picture. It is fitted with motor drive and automatic rewinder. The loading and unloading is done without at any time exposing the film which is protected throughout its passage in the projector. The illumination is effected by special long life electric lamp.

**TAKES ONLY 5 AMPERES  
AND WILL GIVE AN 8  
FOOT PICTURE**



**PORTABLE**

**WORKS FROM ANY ORDINARY ELECTRIC SUPPLY**



**FOR EDUCATION &  
HOME PROJECTION**

**ALL METAL  
CONSTRUCTION**

**Size:  $20\frac{1}{2} \times 13 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$  ins.**